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THE LAST CLONMEL ASSIZES.

THE mind of any man who habitually attends the assizes of Clonmel carries deep, and not perhaps the most useful, impressions away from it. How often have I reproached myself with having joined in the boisterous merriment which either the jests of counsel, or the droll perjuries of the witnesses, have produced during the trial of a capital offence! How often have I seen the bench, the jury, the bar, and the galleries of an Irish court of justice, in a roar of tumultuous laughter, while I beheld in the dock the wild and haggard face of a wretch who, placed on the verge of eternity, seemed to be surveying the gulf on the brink of which he stood, and presented, in his ghastly aspect and motionless demeanour, a reproof of the spirit of hilarity with which he was to be sent before his God! It is not that there is any kind of cruelty intermixed with this tendency to mirth; but that the perpetual recurrence of incidents of the most awful character divests them of the power of producing effect, and that they

“ Whose fall of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir
As life were in’t,”

acquire such a familiarity with direness, that they become not only insensible to the dreadful nature of the spectacles which are presented, but scarcely conscious of them.

It is not merely because the Bar itself is under the operation of the incidents which furnish the materials

of their professional occupation that I have selected the last assizes of Clonmel as the subject of this article; in narrating the events which attended the murder of Daniel Mara, and the trial of his assassins, I propose to myself the useful end of fixing the general attention upon a state of things, which ought to lead all wise and good men to the consideration of the only effectual means by which the evils which result from the moral condition of Ireland may be remedied.

In the month of April, 1827, a gentleman of the name of Chadwick was murdered in the open day, at a place called Rath Cannon, in the immediate vicinity of the old Abbey of Holycross. Mr. Chadwick was the member of an influential family, and was employed as land agent in collecting their rents. The person who fills this office in England is called “ a steward;” but in Ireland it is designated by the more honourable name of a land agency. The discharge of the duties of this situation must be always more or less obnoxious. In times of public distress, the landlord, who is himself urged by his own creditors, urges his agent on, and the latter inflicts upon the tenants the necessities of his employer. I have heard that Mr. Chadwick was not peculiarly rigorous in the exaction of rent, but he was singularly injudicious in his demeanour towards the lower orders. He believed that they detested him; and possessing personal courage, bade them defiance. He

was not a man of a bad heart ; but was despotic and contumelious in his manners to those whose hatred he returned with contempt. It is said that he used to stand amongst a body of the peasantry, and, observing that his corpulency was on the increase, was accustomed to exclaim, " I think I am fattening upon your curses ! " In answer to these taunts, the peasants who surrounded him, and who were well habituated to the concealment of their fierce and terrible passions, affected to laugh, and said " that his honour was mighty pleasant ; and sure, his honour, God bless him, was always fond of his joke ! " But while they indulged in the sycophancy under which they are wont to smother their sanguinary detestations, they were lying in wait for the occasion of revenge. Perhaps, however, they would not have proceeded to the extremities to which they had recourse, but for a determination evinced by Mr. Chadwick to take effectual means for keeping them in awe. He set about building a police barrack at Rath Cannon. It was resolved that Mr. Chadwick should die. This decision was not the result of individual vengeance. The wide confederacy into which the lower orders are organised in Tipperary held council upon him, and the village areopagus pronounced his sentence. It remained to find an executioner. Patrick Grace, who was almost a boy, but was distinguished by various feats of guilty courage, offered himself as a volunteer in what was regarded by him as an honourable cause. He had set up in the county as a sort of knight-errant against landlords, and in the spirit of a barbarous chivalry proffered his gratuitous services wherever what he conceived to be a wrong was to be redressed. He proceeded to Rath Cannon ; and without adopting any sort of precaution, and while the public road was traversed by numerous passengers, in the broad daylight, and just beside the barrack, in the construction of which Mr. Chadwick was engaged, shot that unfortunate gentleman, who fell instantly

dead. This dreadful crime produced a great sensation, not only in the county where it was perpetrated, but through the whole of Ireland. When it was announced in Dublin, it created a sort of dismay, as it evinced the spirit of atrocious intrepidity to which the peasantry had been roused. It was justly accounted, by those who looked upon this savage assassination with most horror, as furnishing evidence of the moral condition of the people, and as intimating the consequences which might be anticipated from the ferocity of the peasantry, if ever they should be let loose. Patrick Grace calculated on impunity ; but his confidence in the power and terrors of the confederacy with which he was associated was mistaken. A brave, and a religious man, whose name was Philip Mara, was present at the murder. He was standing beside his employer, Mr. Chadwick, and saw Grace put him deliberately to death. Grace was well aware that Mara had seen him, but did not believe that he would dare to give evidence against him. It is probable, too, that he conjectured that Mara coincided with him in his ethics of assassination, and applauded the proceeding. Mara, however, who was a moral and virtuous man, was horror-struck by what he had beheld ; and under the influence of conscientious feelings, gave immediate information to a magistrate. Patrick Grace was arrested, and tried at the summer assizes of 1827. I was not present at his trial, but have heard from good authority that he displayed a fearless demeanour ; and that when he was convicted upon the evidence of Philip Mara, he declared that before a year should go by he should have vengeance in the grave. He was ordered to be executed near the spot where his misdeed had been perpetrated. This was a signal mistake, and produced an effect exactly the reverse of what was contemplated. The lower orders looked upon him as a martyr ; and his deportment, personal beauty, and undaunted courage, rendered him an object of deep interest and sym-

pathy upon the scaffold. He was attended by a body of troops to the old Abbey of Holycross, where not less than fifteen thousand people assembled to behold him. The site of the execution rendered the spectacle a most striking one. The Abbey of Holycross is the finest and most venerable monastic ruin in Ireland. Most travellers turn from their way to survey it, and leave it with a deep impression of its solemnity and grandeur. The prisoner was brought forward in the midst of the profound silence of the vast multitudes around the scaffold. He ascended and surveyed them; and looked upon the ruins of the edifice which had once been dedicated to the worship of his religion, and to the sepulchres of the dead which were strewed among its aisles, and had been for ages as he was in a few minutes about to be. It was not known whether he would call for vengeance from his survivors, or for mercy from Heaven. His kindred, his close friends, his early companions, all that he loved and all to whom he was dear, were around him, and nothing, except an universal sob from his female relatives, disturbed the awful taciturnity that prevailed. At the side of Patrick Grace stood the priest—the mild admonitor of the heart, the soother of affliction, and the preceptor of forgiveness, who attended him in the last office of humanity, and who proved by the result how well he had performed it. To the disappointment of the people, Patrick Grace expressed himself profoundly contrite; and, although he evinced no fear of death, at the instance of the Roman Catholic clergyman who attended him implored the people to take warning by his example. In a few moments after, he left existence. But the effect of his execution will be estimated by this remarkable incident. His gloves were handed by one of his relations to an old man of the name of John Russel, as a keepsake. Russel drew them on, and declared at the same time, that he should wear them “till Paddy Grace was revenged:” and

revenged he soon afterwards was, within the time which he had himself prescribed for retribution, and in a manner which is as much calculated to excite astonishment at the strangeness, as detestation for the atrocity of the crime, of which I proceed to narrate the details.

Philip Mara was removed by Government from the country. It was perfectly obvious, that if he had continued to sojourn in Tipperary, his life would have been taken speedily, and at all hazards, away. It was decided that all his kindred should be exterminated. He had three brothers; and the bare consanguinity with a traitor (for his crime was treason) was regarded as a sufficient offence to justify their immolation. If they could not procure his own blood for the purposes of sacrifice, it was however something to make libation of that which flowed from the same source. The crimes of the Irish are derived from the same origin as their virtues. They have powerful domestic attachments. Their love and devotion to their kindred instruct them in the worst expedients of atrocity. Knowing the affection which Mara had for his brothers, they found the way to his heart in the kindest instincts of humanity; and from the consciousness of the pain which the murder of “his mother’s children” would inflict, determined that he should endure it. It was in conformity with these atrocious principles of revenge that the murder of the brothers of Philip Mara was resolved upon. Strange to tell, the whole body of the peasantry in the neighbourhood of Rath Cannon, and far beyond it, entered into a league, for the perpetration of this abominable crime; and while the individuals who were marked out for massacre were unconscious of what was going forward, scarcely a man, woman, or child, looked them in the face, who did not know that they were marked out for death. They were masons by trade, and were employed in building the barrack at Rath Cannon, on the spot where Chadwick

had been assassinated, and where the funeral of Patrick Grace (for so his execution was called) had been performed. The peasantry looked in all probability with an evil eye upon every man who had put his hand to this obnoxious work; but their main object was the extermination of Philip Mara's brothers. They were three in number—Daniel, Laurence, and Timothy. On the 1st of October they were at work, with an apprentice in the mason trade, at the barrack at Rath Cannon. The name of this apprentice was Hickey. In the evening, about five o'clock, they left off their work, and were returning homewards, when eight men with arms rushed upon them. They were fired at; but the fire-arms of the assassins were in such bad condition, that the discharge of their rude musketry had no effect. Laurence, Timothy, and the apprentice, fled in different directions, and escaped. Daniel Mara lost his presence of mind, and instead of taking the same route as the others, ran into the house of a poor widow. He was pursued by the murderers, one of whom got in by a small window, while the others burst through the door, and with circumstances of great savageness put him to death. The intelligence of this event produced a still greater sensation than the murder of Chadwick; and was as much the subject of comment as some great political incident, fraught with national consequences, in the metropolis. The Government lost no time in issuing proclamations, offering a reward of 2000*l.* for information which should bring the assassins to justice. The magnitude of the sum induced a hope that its temptation would be found irresistible to poverty and destitution so great as that which prevails among the class of ordinary malefactors. It was well known that hundreds had cognizance of the offence; and it was concluded that, amongst so numerous a body, the tender of so large a reward could not fail to offer an effectual allurement. Weeks, however, passed over with-

out the communication of intelligence of any kind. Several persons were arrested on suspicion, but were afterwards discharged, as no more than mere conjecture could be adduced against them. Mr. Doherty, the Solicitor General, proceeded to the county of Tipperary, in order to investigate the transaction; but for a considerable time all his scrutiny was without avail. At length, however, an individual, of the name of Thomas Fitzgerald, was committed to gaol upon a charge of highway robbery, and in order to save his life, furnished evidence upon which the Government was enabled to pierce into the mysteries of delinquency. The moment Fitzgerald unsealed his lips, a numerous horde of malefactors were taken up, and farther revealments were made under the influence which the love of life, and not of money, exercised over their minds. The assizes came on, and on Monday, the 31st of March last, Patrick Lacy and John Walsh were placed at the bar, and to the indictment for the murder of Daniel Mara pleaded not guilty.

The Court presented a very imposing spectacle. The whole body of the gentry of Tipperary were assembled in order to witness a trial, on which the security of life and property was to depend. The box which is devoted to the Grand Jury was thronged with the aristocracy of the county, that manifested an anxiety far stronger than the trial of an ordinary culprit is accustomed to produce. An immense crowd of the peasantry was gathered round the dock. All appeared to feel a deep interest in what was to take place, but it was easy to perceive in the diversity of solicitude which was expressed upon their faces, the degrees of sympathy which connected them with the prisoners at the bar. The more immediate kindred of the malefactors were distinguishable by their profound but still emotion, from those who were engaged in the same extensive organization, and were actuated by a selfish sense that their personal interests were at stake, without hav-

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ing their more tender affections involved in the result. But besides the relatives and confederates of the prisoners, there was a third class amongst the spectators, in which another shade of sympathy was observable. These were the mass of the peasantry, who had no direct concern with the transaction, but whose principles and habits made them well-wishers to the men who had put their lives in peril for what was regarded as the common cause. Through the crowd were dispersed a number of policemen, whose green regimentals, high caps, and glittering bayonets, made them conspicuous, and brought them into contrast with the peasants, by whom they were surrounded. On the table stood the governor of the gaol, with his ponderous keys, which designated his office, and presented to the mind associations which aided the effect of the scene. Mr. Justice Moore appeared in his red robes lined with black, and intimidated by his aspect that he anticipated the discharge of a dreadful duty. Beside him was placed the Earl of Kingston, who had come from the neighboring county of Cork to witness the trial, and whose great possessions gave him a peculiar concern in tracing to their sources the disturbances, which had already a formidable character, and intimidated still more terrible results. His dark and massive countenance, with a shaggy and wild profusion of hair, his bold imperious lip, and large and deeply set eyes, and his huge and vigorous frame, rendered him a remarkable object, without reference to his high rank and station, and to the political part which he had played in circumstances of which it is not impossible that he may witness, although he should desire to avert, the return. The prisoners at the bar stood composed and firm. Lacy, the youngest, was dressed with extreme care and neatness. He was a tall handsome young man, with a soft and healthful colour, and a bright and tranquil eye. I was struck by the unusual whiteness of his hands, which were loosely attached to each other.

Walsh, his fellow prisoner and his brother in crime, was a stout, short, and square-built man, with a sturdy look, in which there was more fierceness than in Lacy's countenance; yet the latter was a far more guilty malefactor, and had been engaged in numerous achievements of the same kind, whereas Walsh bore an excellent reputation, and obtained from his landlord, Mr. Creagh, the highest testimony to his character. The Solicitor General, Mr. Doherty, rose to state the case. He appeared more deeply impressed than I have ever seen any public officer, with the responsibility which had devolved upon him; and by his solemn and emphatic manner rendered a narration, which was pregnant with awful facts, so impressive, that during a speech of several hours' continuance he kept attention upon the watch, and scarcely a noise was heard, except when some piece of evidence was announced which surprised the prisoners, and made them give a slight start, in which their astonishment and alarm at the extent of the information of the Government were expressed. They preserved their composure while Mr. Doherty was detailing the evidence of Fitzgerald, for they well knew that he had become what is technically called "a stag," and turned informer. Neither were they greatly moved at learning that another traitor of the name of Ryan was to be produced, for rumours had gone abroad that he was to corroborate Fitzgerald. They were well aware that the Jury would require more evidence than the coincidence of swearing between two accomplices could supply. It is, indeed, held that one accomplice can sustain another for the purposes of conviction, and that their concurrence is sufficient to warrant a verdict of guilty; still Juries are in the habit of demanding some better foundation for their findings, and, before they take life away, exact a confirmation from some pure and unquestionable source. The Counsel for the prisoners participated with them in the belief that the Crown

would not be able to produce any witnesses except accomplices, and listened, therefore, to the details of the murder of Daniel Mara, however minute, without much apprehension for their clients, until Mr. Doherty, turning towards the dock, and lifting up and shaking his hand, pronounced the name of "Kate Costello." It smote the prisoners with dismay. At the time, however, that Mr. Doherty made this announcement, he was himself uncertain, I believe, whether Kate Costello would consent to give the necessary evidence; and there was reason to calculate upon her reluctance to make any disclosure by which the lives of "her people," as the lower orders call their kindred, should be affected. The statement of Mr. Doherty, which was afterwards fully made out in proof, showed that a wide conspiracy had been framed in order to murder Philip Mara's brothers. Fitzgerald and Lacy, who did not reside in the neighbourhood of Rath Cannon, were sent for by the relatives of Patrick Grace, as it was well known that they were ready for the undertaking of "the job." They received their instructions, and were joined by other assassins. The band proceeded to Rath Cannon in order to execute their purpose; but an accident prevented their victims from coming to the place where they were expected, and the assassination was, in consequence, adjourned for another week. In the interval, however, they did not relent, but on the contrary, a new supply of murderers was collected, and on Sunday, the 30th of September, the day preceding the murder, they met again in the house of a farmer, of the name of Jack Keogh, who lived beside the barrack where the Maras were at work. Here they were attended by Kate Costello, the fatal witness, by whom their destiny was to be sealed. In the morning of Monday, the 1st of October, they proceeded to an elevation called "The Grove," a hill covered with trees, in which arms had been deposited. This hill overlooked the barrack where the Maras

were at work. A party of conspirators joined the chief assassins on this spot, and Kate Costello, a servant and near relative of the Keoghs, (who were engaged in the murder,) again attended them. She brought them food and spirits. From this ambush they remained watching their prey until five o'clock in the afternoon, when it was announced that the Maras were coming down from the scaffolding on which they were raising the barrack. It appeared that some of the murderers did not know the persons whose lives they were to take away, and that their dress was mentioned as the means of recognition. They advanced to the number of eight, and as I have already intimated, succeeded in slaying one only of the three brothers. But the most illustrative incident in the whole transaction was not what took place at the murder, but a circumstance which immediately succeeded it. The assassins, with their hands red with the gore of man, proceeded to the house of a farmer in good circumstances, whose name was John Russel. He was a man of a decent aspect and demeanour, above the lower class of peasants in station and habits, was not destitute of education, spoke and reasoned well, and was accounted very orderly and well conducted. One would suppose that he would have closed his doors against the wretches who were still reeking with their crime. He gave them welcome, tendered them his hospitality, and provided them with food. In the room where they were received by this hoary delinquent, there were two individuals of a very different character and aspect from each other. The one was a girl, Mary Russel, the daughter of old Jack Russel, the proprietor of the house. She was young, and of an exceedingly interesting appearance. Her manners were greatly superior to persons of her class, and she was delicate and gentle in her habitual conduct and demeanour. Near her there sat an old woman, in the most advanced stage of life, who was a

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kind of Elspeth amongst them, and from her age and relationship was an object of respect and regard. The moment the assassins entered, Mary Russel rushed up to them, and with a vehement earnestness exclaimed, "Did you do any good?" They stated in reply that one of the Maras was shot; when Peg Russel (the withered hag) who sat moping in the reverie of old age, till her attention was aroused by the sanguinary intelligence, lifted her shriveled hand, and cried out with a shrill and vehement bitterness, "You might as well not have killed any, since you did not kill them all." Strange and dreadful condition of Ireland! The witness to a murder denounces it. He flies the country. His brothers, for his crime, are doomed to die. The whole population confederate in their death. For weeks the conspiracy is planned, and no relenting spirit interposes in their slaughterous deliberations. The appointed day arrives, and the murder of an innocent man is effected, while the light is still shining, and with the eye of man, which is as little feared as that of God, upon them. The murderers leave the spot where their fellow creature lies weltering; and instead of being regarded as objects of execration and of horror, are chid by women for their remissness in the work of death, and for the scantiness of the blood which they had poured out. Thus it is that in this unfortunate country not only men are made barbarous, but women are unsexed, and filled

—"From the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direst cruelty."

These were the facts which Mr. Doherty stated, and they were established by the evidence. The first witness was Fitzgerald. When he was called, he did not appear on the instant, for he was kept in a room adjoining the Court, in order that he might not avail himself of the statement and fit his evidence to it. His testimony was of such importance, and it was known that so much depended upon it, that his arrival was waited for with strong expectation;

and in the interval before his appearance on the table, the mind had leisure to form some conjectural picture of what he in all likelihood was. I imagined that he must be some fierce-looking, savage wretch, with baseness and perfidy, intermingled with atrocity, in his brow, and whose meanness would bespeak the informer, as his ferocity would proclaim the assassin. I was deceived. His coming was announced,—way was made for him—and I saw leap upon the table, with an air of easy indifference and manly familiarity, a tall, athletic young man, about two or three and twenty, with a countenance as intelligent in expression and symmetrical in feature, as his limbs were vigorous and well-proportioned. His head was perfectly shaped, and surmounted a neck of singular strength and breadth, which lay open and rose out of a chest of unusual massiveness and dilation. His eyes were of deep and brilliant black, full of fire and energy, intermixed with an expression of slyness and sagacity. They had a peculiarly watchful look, and indicated a vehemence of character, checked and tempered by a cautious and observant spirit. The nose was well formed, and deeply rooted, but rose at the end with some suddenness, which took off from the dignity of the countenance, but displayed considerable breadth about the nostrils, which were made to breathe fierceness and disdain. The mouth of the villain (for he was one of the first magnitude) was composed of thick but well-shaped lips, in which firmness and intrepidity were strongly marked; and when opened, disclosed a range of teeth of the finest form and color. His hair was short and thick, but his cheek was so fresh and fair, that he scarcely seemed to have ever had any beard. The fellow's dress was calculated to set off his figure. It left his breast almost bare, and the knees of his breeches being open, a great part of his muscular legs appeared without covering, as his stockings did not reach to the knee. He was placed upon the chair

appropriated to witnesses, and turned at once to the Counsel for the Crown in order to narrate his own doings as well as those of his associates in depravity. I have never seen a cooler, more precise, methodical, and consistent witness. He detailed every circumstance to the minutest point, which had happened during a month's time, with a wonderful accuracy. So far from manifesting any anxiety to conceal or to excuse his own guilt, he on the contrary set it forth in the blackest colors. He made himself a prominent actor in the business of blood. The life which he led was as singular as it was atrocious. He spent his time in committing outrages at night, and during the day in exacting homage from the peasantry, whom he had inspired with a deep dread of him. He walked through the country in arms, and compelled every peasant to give him bed and board wherever he appeared. In the caprices of his tyranny, he would make persons who chanced to pass him, kneel down and offer him reverence, while he presented his musket at their heads. Yet he was a favourite with the populace, who pardoned the outrages committed on themselves, on account of his readiness to avenge the affronts or the injuries which they suffered from others. Villain as the fellow was, it was not the reward which tempted him to betray his associates. Though 2000*l.* had been offered by Government, he gave no information for several months; and when he did give it, it was to save his life, which he had forfeited by a highway robbery, for which he had been arrested. He seemed exceedingly anxious to impress upon the crowd, that though he was a "atag," it was not for gold that he had sold the cause. Life itself was the only bribe that could move his honour, and even the temptation which the instinctive passion for existence held out to him, was for a long while resisted. Mr. Hatchell cross-examined this formidable attestator with extraordinary skill and dexterity, but he was still unable to shake his evi-

dence. It was perfectly consistent and compact, smooth and round, without any point of discrepancy on which the most dexterous practitioner could lay a strong hold. The most unfavourable circumstance to his cross-examiner was his openness and candour. He had an ingenuousness in his atrocity which defied all the ordinary expedients of Counsel. Most informers allege that they are influenced by the pure love of justice to betray their accomplices. This statement goes to shake their credit, because they are manifestly perjured in the declaration. Fitzgerald, however, took a very different course. He disclaimed all interest in the cause of justice, and repeatedly stated that he would not have informed, except to rescue himself from the halter which was fastened round his neck. When he left the table, he impressed every man who heard him with a conviction of, not only his great criminality, but his extraordinary talents. He was followed by another accomplice, of the name of Ryan, who was less remarkable than Fitzgerald, but whose statement was equally consistent, and its parts as adhesive to each other as the more important informer's. They had been left in separate gaols, and had not had any communication, so that it could not be suggested that their evidence was the result of a comparison of notes, and of a conspiracy against the prisoners. This Ryan also alleged that he had informed merely to save his life. These witnesses were succeeded by several, who deposed to minute incidents which went to corroborate the informers; but notwithstanding that a strong case had been made out by the Crown, still the testimony of some untainted witness to the leading fact was requisite, and the Counsel for the prosecution felt that on Kate Costello the conviction must still depend. She had not taken any participation in the murder. She could not be regarded as a member of the conspiracy; she was a servant in the house of old John Keogh, but not an agent in the business; and if she con-

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firmed what the witnesses had deposed to, it was obvious that a conviction would ensue; while, upon the other hand, if she was not brought forward, the want of her testimony would produce a directly opposite result. She was called, and a suspense far deeper than the expectation which had preceded the evidence of Fitzgerald was apparent in every face. She did not come, and was again summoned into court. Still Kate Costello did not appear. Repeated requisitions were sent by the Solicitor General, but without effect; at length every one began to conjecture that she would disappoint and foil the Crown, and the friends of the prisoners murmured "that Kate Costello would not turn against her people;" an obvious feeling of satisfaction pervaded the crowd, and the prisoners exhibited a proportionate solicitude in which hope seemed to predominate. Suddenly, however, the chamber-door communicating with the room where the witnesses were kept was opened, and one of the most extraordinary figures that ever appeared in that strange theatre an Irish court of justice, was produced. A withered, diminutive woman, who was unable to support herself, and whose feet gave way at every step, into which she was impelled by her attendants, was seen entering the court, and tottering towards the table. Her face was covered, and it was impossible, for some time after she had been placed on the table, to trace her features; but her hands, which were as white and clammy as a corpse's, and seemed to have undergone the first process of decomposition, shook and shuddered, and a thrill ran through the whole of her miserable and worn-out frame. A few minutes elapsed before her veil was removed; and when it was, the most ghastly face which I have ever observed was disclosed. Her eyes were quite closed, and the eyelids shrunken as if by the touch of death. The lips were like ashes, and remained open and without movement. Her breathing was scarcely perceptible, and as her head lay on her shoulder,

her long black hair fell dishevelled, and added to the general character of disordered horror which was expressed in her demeanour. Now that she was produced, she seemed little calculated to be of any use. Mr. Doherty repeatedly addressed himself to her, and entreated her to answer. She seemed unconscious even of the sound of his voice. At length, however, with the aid of water, which was applied to her mouth, and thrown in repeated aspersions over her face, she was in some degree restored, and was able to breathe a few words. An interval of minutes elapsed between every question and answer. Her voice was so low as to be scarcely audible, and was rather an inarticulate whisper, than the utterance of any connected sentence. She was, with a great deal to do, conducted by the examiner through some of the preliminary incidents, and at last was brought to the scene in the grove where the murderers were assembled. It remained that she should recognise the prisoners. Unless this were done, nothing would have been accomplished. The rod with which culprits are identified was put into her hand, and she was desired to stand up, to turn to the dock, and to declare whether she saw in court, any of the men whom she had seen in the grove on the day of the murder. For a considerable time she could not be got to rise from her seat; and when she did, and stood up after a great effort over herself, before she had turned round, but while the rod was trembling in her hand, another extraordinary incident took place. Walsh, one of the prisoners at the bar, cried out with the most vehement gesture—"O God! you are going to murder me! I'll not stand here to be murdered, for I'm downright murdered, God help me!" This cry, uttered by a man almost frenzied with excitement, drew the attention of the whole Court to the prisoner; and the Judge inquired of him of what he complained. Walsh then stated with more composure, that it was unfair, while there

was nobody in the dock but Lacy and himself, to desire Kate Costello to look at him, for that he was marked out to her where he stood. This was a very just observation, and Judge Moore immediately ordered that other prisoners should be brought from the gaol into the dock, and that Walsh should be shown to Kate Costello in the midst of a crowd. The gaol was at a considerable distance, and a good deal of time was consumed in complying with the directions of the Judge. Kate Costello sank down again upon her chair, and in the interval before the arrival of the other prisoners we engaged in conjectures as to the likelihood of Walsh being identified. She had never seen him, except at the grove, and it was possible that she might not remember him. In that event his life was safe. At last the other prisoners were introduced into the dock. The sound of their fetters as they entered the Court, and the grounding of the soldiers' muskets on the pavement, struck me. It was now four o'clock in the morning; the candles were almost wasted to their sockets, and a dim and uncertain light was diffused through the court. Haggardness sat upon the spectators, and yet no weariness or exhaustion appeared. The frightful interest of the scene preserved the mind from fatigue. The dock was crowded with malefactors, and brought as they were in order that guilt of all kinds should be confused and blended, they exhibited a most singular spectacle. This assemblage of human beings laden with chains was, perhaps, more melancholy from the contrast which they presented between their condition and their aspect. Even the pale light which glimmered through the court did not prevent their cheeks from looking ruddy and healthful. They had been awakened in their lonely cells in order to be produced, and, as they were not aware of the object of arraying them together, there was some surprise mixed with fear in their looks. I could not help whispering to myself as I surveyed

them, "what a noble and fine race of men are here, and how much have they to answer for, who, by degrading, have demoralised such a people!" The desire of Walsh having been complied with, the witness was called upon a second time to place the rod upon his head. She rose again, and turned round, holding the fatal index in her hand. There was a deep silence through the court; the face of Walsh exhibited the most intense anxiety, as the eyes of Kate Costello rested upon the place where he stood. She appeared at first not to recognise him, and the rod hung loosely in her hand. I thought, as I saw her eyes traversing the assemblage of malefactors, that she either did not know him, or would affect not to remember him. At last, however, she raised the rod, and stretched it forth, but, before it was laid on the devoted head, a female voice exclaimed, "Oh, Kate!" This cry, which issued from the crowd, and was probably the exclamation of some relative of the Keoghs, whose destiny depended on that of Walsh, thrilled the witness to the core. She felt the adjuration in the very recesses of her being. After a shudder, she collected herself again, and advanced again towards the dock. She raised the rod a second time, and having laid it on the head of Walsh, who gave himself up as lost the moment it touched him, she sank back into her chair. The feeling which had filled the heart of every spectator here found a vent, and a deep murmur was heard through the whole court, mingled with sounds of stifled execration from the mass of the people in the background. Lacy also was identified; and here it may be said that the trial closed. Walsh, who, while he entertained any hope, had been almost convulsed with agitation, resumed his original composure. He took no farther interest in the proceeding, except when his landlord gave him a high character for integrity and good conduct; and this commendation he seemed rather to consider as a sort of bequest which he should leave to his kindred, than

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as the means of saving his life. It is unnecessary almost to add, that the prisoners were found guilty.

Kate Costello, whose evidence was of such importance to the Crown, had acted as a species of menial in the house of old John Keogh, but was a near relation of her master. It is not uncommon among the lower orders to introduce some dependent relative into the family, who goes through offices of utility which are quite free from degradation, and is at the same time treated, to a great extent, as an equal. Kate Costello sat down with old Jack Keogh and his sons at their meals, and was accounted one of themselves. The most implicit trust was placed in her; and on one of the assassins observing "that Kate Costello could hang them all," another observed, "that there was no fear of Kate." Nor would Kate ever have betrayed the men who had placed their confidence in her, from any mercenary motives. Fitzgerald had stated that she had been at "the Grove" in the morning of the day on which the murder was committed, and that she could confirm his testimony. She was in consequence arrested, and was told that she should be hanged unless she disclosed the truth. Terror extorted from her the revelations which were turned to such account. When examined as a witness on the trial of Lacy and of Walsh, her agitation did not arise from any regard for them, but from her consciousness that if they were convicted her own relatives and benefactors must share in their fate. The trial of Patrick and John Keogh came on upon Saturday the 5th of April, some days after the conviction of Lacy and of Walsh, who had been executed in the interval. The trial of the Keoghs was postponed at the instance of the prisoners, but it was understood that the Crown had no objection to the delay, as great difficulty was supposed to have arisen in persuading Kate Costello to give completion to the useful work in which she had engaged. It was said that the friends of the Ke-

oghs had got access to her, and that she had refused to come forward against "her people." It was also rumored that she had entertained an attachment for John Keogh, and although he had wronged her, and she had suffered severe detriment from their criminal connexion, that she loved him still, and would not take his life away. There was, therefore, enough of doubt incidental to the trial of the Keoghs to give it the interest of uncertainty; and, however fatal the omen which the conviction of their brother conspirators held out, still it was supposed that Kate Costello would recoil from her terrible task. The Court was as much crowded as it had been on the first trial, upon the morning on which the two Keoghs were put at the bar. They were more immediate agents in the assassination. It had been in a great measure planned, as well as executed by them; and there was a farther circumstance of aggravation in their having been in habits of intimacy with the deceased. When placed at the bar, their appearance struck every spectator as in strange anomaly with their misdeeds. They both seemed to be farmers of the most respectable class. Patrick, the younger, was perfectly well clad. He had a blue coat and white waistcoat, of the best materials used by the peasantry: a black silk handkerchief was carefully knotted on his neck. He was lower in stature, and of less athletic proportions than his brother John, but had a more determined and resolute physiognomy. He looked alert, quick, and active. The other was of gigantic stature, and of immense width of shoulder and strength of limb. He rose beyond every man in court, and towered in the dock. His dress was not as neatly arranged as his brother's, and his neck was without covering, which served to exhibit the hugeness of his proportions. He looked in the vigor of powerful manhood. His face was ruddy and blooming, and was quite destitute of all darkness and malevolence of expression. There was

perhaps too much fulness about the lips, and some traces of savageness, as well as of voluptuousness, might have been detected by a minute physiognomist in their exuberance; but the bright blue of his mild and intelligent eyes counterbalanced this evil indication. The aspect of these two young men was greatly calculated to excite interest; but there was another object in court which was even more deserving of attention. On the left hand of his two sons, and just near the youngest of them, sat an old man, whose head was covered with a profusion of grey hairs, and who, although evidently greatly advanced in years, was of a hale and healthful aspect. I did not notice him at first, but in the course of the trial, the glare which his eye gradually acquired, and the passing of all color from his cheek, as the fate of his sons grew to certainty, drew my observation, and I learned on inquiry, what I had readily conjectured, that he was the father of the prisoners at the bar. He did not utter a word during the fifteen or sixteen hours that he remained in attendance upon the dreadful scene which was going on before him. The appearance of Kate Costello herself, whom he had fostered, fed, and cherished, scarcely seemed to move him from his terrible tranquillity. She was, as on the former occasion, the pivot of the whole case. The anticipations that she would not give evidence "against her own flesh and blood" were wholly groundless, for on her second exhibition as a witness she enacted her part with much more firmness and determination. She had before kept her eyes almost closed, but she now opened and fixed them upon the Counsel, and exhibited great quickness and shrewdness in their expression, and watched the cross-examination with great wariness and dexterity. I was greatly surprised at this change, and can only refer it to the spirit of determination which her passage of the first difficulty on the former trial had produced. The first step in blood had been taken, and

she trod more firmly in taking the second. Whatever may have been the cause, she certainly exhibited little compunction in bringing her cousins to justice, and laid the rod on the head of her relative and supposed paramour without remorse. At an early hour on Sunday morning the verdict of guilty was brought in. The prisoners at the bar received it without surprise, but turned deadly pale. The change in John Keogh was more manifest, as in the morning of Saturday he stood blooming with health at the bar, and was now as white as a shroud. The Judge told them that as it was the morning of Easter-Sunday, (which is commemorative of the resurrection of the dead,) he should not then pronounce sentence upon them. They cried out "A long day, a long day, my lord!" and at the same time begged that their bodies might be given to their father. This prayer was uttered with a sound resembling the wail of an Irish funeral, and accompanied by a most pathetic gesture. They both swung themselves with a sort of oscillation up and down, with their heads thrown back, striking their hands, with the fingers half closed, against their breasts, in the manner which Roman Catholics use in saying "The Confiteor." The reference which they made to their father drew my attention to the miserable old man. Two persons, friends of his, had attended him in court, and when his sons, after having been found guilty, were about to be removed, he was lifted on the table, on which he was with difficulty sustained, and was brought near to the dock. He wanted to embrace John Keogh, and stretched out his arms towards him. The latter, whose manliness now forsook him, leaned over the iron spikes to his full length, got the old man into his bosom, and while his tears ran down his face, pressed him long and closely to his heart. They were at length separated, and the sons were removed to the cells appointed for the condemned. The Judge left the bench, and the court was gradu-

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ally cleared. Still the father of the prisoners remained between his two attendants nearly insensible. He was almost the last to depart. I followed him out. It was a dark and stormy night. The wind beat full against the miserable wretch, and made him totter as he went along. His attendants were addressing to him some words of consolation connected with religion, (for these people are, with all their crimes, not destitute of religious impressions,) but the old man only answered them with his moans. He said nothing articulate, but during all the way to the obscure cellar into which they led him, continued moaning as he went. It was not, I trust, a mere love of the excitement which arises from the contemplation of scenes in which the passions are brought out, that made me watch this scene of human misery. I may say without affectation, that I was, (as who would not have been?) profoundly moved by what I saw; and when I beheld this forlorn and desolate man descend into his wretched abode, which was lighted by a feeble candle, and saw him fall upon his knees in helplessness, while his attendants gave way to sorrow, I could not restrain my own tears.

The scenes of misery did not stop here. Old John Russel pleaded guilty. He had two sons, lads of fifteen or sixteen, and, in the hope of saving them, acknowledged his crime at the bar; "Let them," he said, in the gaol where I saw him, "let them put me on the trap if they like, but let them spare the boys."

But I shall not proceed farther in the detail of these dreadful incidents. There were many other trials at the assizes, in which terrible disclosures of barbarity took place. For three weeks the two Judges were unremittingly employed in trying cases of dreadful atrocity, and in almost every instance the perpetrators of crimes the most detestable, were persons whose general moral conduct stood in a wonderful contrast with their isolated acts of depravity. Al-

most every offence was connected with the great agrarian organisation which prevails through the country. It must be acknowledged that, terrible as the misdeeds of the Tipperary peasantry must upon all hands be admitted to be, yet, in general, there was none of the meanness and turpitude observable in their enormities which characterise the crimes that are disclosed at an English assize. There were scarcely any examples of murder committed for mere gain. It seemed to be a point of honour with the malefactors to take blood, and to spurn at money. Almost every offence was committed in carrying a system into effect, and the victims who were sacrificed were considered by their immolators as offered up, upon a justifiable principle of necessary extermination. These are assuredly important facts, and after having contemplated these moral phenomena, it becomes a duty to inquire into the causes from which these marvellous atrocities derive their origin.

The first and leading feature in the disturbances and atrocities of Tipperary is, that they are of an old date, and have been for much more than half a century of uninterrupted continuance. Arthur Young travelled in Ireland in the years 1776, 1777, and 1778. His excellent book is entitled "A Tour in Ireland, with general Observations on the Present State of that Kingdom." He adverts particularly to the state of the peasantry in the South of Ireland, and it is well worthy of remark that the outrages which are now in daily commission, are of exactly the same character as the atrocities which were perpetrated by the Whiteboys (as the insurgents were called) in 1760. From the period at which these outrages commenced, the evil has continued in a rapidly progressive augmentation. Every expedient which legislative ingenuity could invent has been tried. All that the terrors of the law could accomplish, has been put into experiment without avail. Special commissioners and special

delegations of counsel have been almost annually despatched into the disturbed districts, and crime appears to have only undergone a pruning, while its roots remained untouched. Mr. Doherty is not the first Solicitor General of great abilities who has been despatched by Government for the purpose of awing the peasantry into their duty. The present Chief Justice of the King's Bench, upon filling Mr. Doherty's office, was sent upon the same painful errand, and after having been equally successful in procuring the conviction of malefactors, and brandished the naked sword of justice, with as puissant an arm, new atrocities have almost immediately afterwards broken forth, and furnished new occasions for the exercise of his commanding eloquence. It is reasonable to presume that the recent executions at Clonmel will not be attended with any more permanently useful consequences, and symptoms are already beginning to reappear, which, independently of the admonitions of experience, may well induce an apprehension that before much time shall go by, the law officers of the crown will have to go through the same terrible routine of prosecution. It is said, indeed, by many sanguine speculators on the public peace, that now, indeed, something effectual has been done, and that the gaol and the gibbet there have given a lesson that will not be speedily forgotten. How often has the same thing been said when the scaffold was strewn with the same heaps of the dead ! How often have the prophets of tranquillity been falsified by the event ! If the crimes which, ever since the year 1760, have been uninterruptedly committed, and have followed in such a rapid and tumultuous succession, had been only of occasional occurrence, it would be reasonable to conclude that the terrors of the law could repress them. But it is manifest that the system of atrocity does not depend upon causes merely ephemeral, and cannot, therefore, be under the operation of temporary

checks. We have not merely witnessed sudden inundations which, after a rapid desolation, have suddenly subsided ; we behold a stream as deep as it is dark, which indicates, by its continuous current, that it is derived from an unfailing fountain, and which, however augmented by the contribution of other springs of bitterness, must be indebted for its main supply to some abundant and distant source. Where then is the well-head to be found ? Where are we to seek for the origin of evils, which are of such a character that they carry with them the clearest evidence that their causes must be as enduring as themselves ? It may at first view, and to any man who is not well acquainted with the moral feelings and habits of the great body of the population of Ireland, seem a paradoxical proposition that the laws which affect the Roman Catholics furnish a clue by which, however complicated the mazes may be which constitute the labyrinth of calamity, it will not be difficult to trace our way. It may be asked, with a great appearance of plausibility, (and indeed it is often inquired,) what possible effect the exclusion of a few Roman Catholic gentlemen from Parliament, and of still fewer Roman Catholic barristers from the bench, can produce in deteriorating the moral habits of the people ? This, however, is not the true view of the matter. The exclusion of Roman Catholics from office is one of the results of the penal code, but it is a sophism to suggest that it is the sum total of the law itself, and that the whole of it might be resolved into that single proposition. The just mode of presenting the question would be this : "What effect does the penal code produce by separating the higher and the lower orders from each other ?"

The law divides the Protestant proprietor from the Catholic tiller of the soil, and generates a feeling of tyrannical domination in the one, and of hatred and distrust in the other. The Irish peasant is not divided

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from his landlord by the ordinary demarcations of society. Another barrier is erected, and, as if the poor and the rich were not already sufficiently separated, religion is raised as an additional boundary between them. The operation of the feelings, which are the consequence of this division, is stronger in the county of Tipperary than elsewhere. It is a peculiarly Cromwellian district, or, in other words, the holy warriors of the Protector chose it as their land of peculiar promise, and selected it as a favourite object of confiscation. The lower orders have good memories. There is scarce a peasant who, as he passes the road, will not point to the splendid mansions of the aristocracy, embowered in groves, or rising upon fertile elevations, and tell you the name of the pious Corporal, or the inspired Serjeant, from whom the present proprietors derive a title which, even at this day, appears to be of a modern origin. These reminiscences are of a most injurious tendency. But, after all, it is the system of religious separation which nurtures the passions of the peasantry with these pernicious recollections. They are not permitted to forget that Protestantism is stamped upon every institution in the country, and their own sunderance from the privileged class is perpetually brought to their minds. Judges, sheriffs, magistrates, Crown counsel, law officers,—all are Protestant. The very sight of a court of justice reminds them of the degradations attached to their religion, by presenting them with the ocular proof of the advantages and honours

which belong to the legal creed. It is not, therefore, wonderful that they should feel themselves a branded caste; that they should have a consciousness that they belong to a debased and inferior community; and having no confidence in the upper classes, and no reliance in the sectarian administration of the law, that they should establish a code of barbarous legislation among themselves, and have recourse to what Lord Bacon calls "the wild justice" of revenge. A change of system would not perhaps produce immediate effects upon the character of the people; but I believe that its results would be much more speedy than is generally imagined. At all events, the experiment of conciliation is worth the trial. Every other expedient has been resorted to, and has wholly failed. It remains that the legislature, after exhausting all other means of tranquillising Ireland, should, upon a mere chance of success, adopt the remedy which has at least the sanction of illustrious names for its recommendation. The union of the two great classes of the people in Ireland, in other words, the emancipation of the Roman Catholics, is in this view not only recommended by motives of policy, but of humanity; for who that has witnessed the scenes which I have (perhaps at too much length) detailed in these pages, can fail to feel that, if the demoralisation of the people arises from bad government, the men who from feelings of partisanship persevere in that system of misrule, will have to render a terrible account?

STANZAS WRITTEN FOR MUSIC.

LADY, why thus turn away
Youth and beauty's sunny glance?
Why, where all around are gay,
Tread'st not thou the lightsome dance?
Are thy thoughts on music bent,
Is't for that thy young cheeks glow?
Would'st thou hence the minstrel went?
Lady, no! lady, no!
Hark! I hear a deep-drawn sigh!
Wildly throbs thy snowy breast!
Lo! a tear-drop pearls thine eye—
Is it Pity's pilgrim guest!

Yet that sigh what does it there?
Wherefore does that tear-drop flow?
Is it sorrow claims thy care?
Lady, no! lady, no!
Near thee stands a youthful form,
Looking thoughts no words may speak;
Glances bright, and blushes warm,
Light his eye, and rose his cheek;
For he sings of "Love's young dream,"
O'er his lyre as bends he low;
Would'st thou have him change the theme?
Lady, no! lady, no!

GLEANINGS AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

THERE is no European capital so beautifully situated as Constantinople. Encompassed by seas, swarming with life, and by a region of eminent fertility, nature seems to have secured it against any want of the necessities of life ; and from the mildness of its climate, the loveliness of its varied scenery, the abundance of its streams, and the noble expanse and depth of its sheltered harbour, to have peculiarly fitted it for the purposes of social existence and international enterprise.

Like ancient Rome, Constantinople crowns the summit of seven hills, or rather acclivities, which are readily discernible as the eye traces its longitudinal expanse from the northern side of the harbour. Towards the south, it discovers the Mysian Olympus, clad in eternal snow, and immediately opposed to it, the Argæthionis, glorying in its forest of oaks and box trees. Immediately behind Scutari, lies the double-peaked Damatris, (from an adjacent village now called *Bolgartu*.) An hour spent in ascending to its summit is richly compensated by a finer prospect than you can elsewhere enjoy, of the delightful environs of this capital. Following the sinuous course of the Bosphorus from its very mouth, the view spreads across the thickly-studded towers of Constantinople to the expanding plains of the Propontis, where it encounters the Prince's and Marmaric Isles, and thence stretches to the far-distant mouth of the Hellespont.

The celebrated "*Mountain of Giants*," rises immediately from the Asiatic shore of the Bosphorus, near its uppermost narrowing, opposite to Berjukdere. The foot of this mountain was formerly adorned by the temple of Jupiter Urios, from whence the heathens proceeded to explore the "Camp of Hercules" on its summit. The gigantic site of this encampment is still an object of pil-

grimage to the pious Moslem, who, by the way, has transformed it into the "tomb of the prophet Joshua!"

The Koran lays down *seven seas* as the basis of Mohammedan hydrography, and therefore right dear to the eye of its disciple, are the seven great reservoirs of the Propontis, the Bosphorus, the Pontus, the Palus Mæotis, the Hellespont, the Egean, and the Mediterranean. Whilst on this subject, I cannot refrain from observing that the fertile imagination of the East has baptised the seven great oceans of his globe with the names of so many colours. In his geographical nomenclature, therefore, the Archipelago and Mediterranean become the *White*, the Pontus or Euxine the *Black*, the Caspian the *Green*, the Arabian gulph the *Red*, the Persian the *Blue*, the Chinese the *Yellow*, and the Atlantic, the *Brown* or dark seas.

For extent and depth, there is probably no harbour in the world superior to Constantinople. Its breadth, between the point of the Seraglio and Topchana is not less than five hundred fathoms ; its length exceeds four thousand ; and its depth is so great, that the largest vessels may cast anchor close to its marge. By means of a constant current, nature has provided for an immediate removal of those fetid and insalubrious disgorings, which are the inevitable concomitants of populous cities. The entrance to this magnificent harbour is somewhat impeded by the conflicting streams, which join, and issue at its mouth, but when once it is effected, the mariner may defy the virulence of wind and waves.

Here, again, I must have my own way, and remind you, that the wealth, which this harbour formerly boasted, both upon the surface of its waters as well as below them, induced the ancients to call it *Chrysokeras*, or the "*Golden Horn*."

For, so says the old story, being pursued by the jealousy of Here, and arriving at the promontory of *Semistra*, she was overtaken by the pains of childbirth, and brought forth a daughter, who bore the symbol of her parents' transformation on her forehead; hence she received the name of *Keroessa*, the cornuted, and *Semistra* became her nurse. And it was her son by Poseidon, to whom ancient Byzantium is indebted for its foundation. Geologically and historically speaking, *Keroessa's* marriage with Poseidon implies, that the fresh waters of the *Cydaris* and *Barbysis*, which intermingle at the foot of the promontory of *Semistra*, united themselves with the briny stream of the harbour; and the issue of this union was the aforesaid *Bysas*.

Constantinople, placed under the forty-first degree of northern latitude, has been no less favoured in regard to climate than position, and enjoys a delightful succession of seasons; soft and refreshing breezes alternating through the placid heat of summer and temperate chills of winter. For these reasons, I am justified in pronouncing it an extremely salubrious spot, notwithstanding the frightful drawback of the plague; an affliction, however, which is by no means ascribable to the climate, but to the neglect of medical precautions.

Though the spring enlivens the charming month of February, it loses much more of its charms, after the vernal equinox, than might have been expected in so southerly a clime; in fact, the bland amenity of the Bithynian succumbs under the rigour of the Thracian sky; and hence, the alternate prevalence of northerly and southerly winds at this season of the year occasions a variability of temperature, sufficient to bring the indisputable fineness and salubrity of the remaining seasons into disrepute.

On the first of May, (old style,) spring achieves her irrevocable triumph over winter. Whilst many an European is busied in devoting this

day to the planting of May-trees, and many an Indian in attending the sacred procession of the palm, the Grecian maiden rises before the dawn and sullies forth, with her companions, in quest of the dew-tipt erstlings of spring: the whole day is dedicated to mirth and recreation; and the declining sun sheds its crimson ray on the blithesome *Romaika*, "tripping o'er the glade with light, fantastic toe." The first of May, as well as the first of April, still retains its votaries, from the Ganges to the Thames; but the arrival of the first of March, a day peculiarly sacred to the ancient Romans, is celebrated among the Greeks by an observance, which they have inherited from their ancestors. On the eve of this day, the Greek women fling their old pots and household gear out of the window, duly singing out, "*Away with ye, bugs and fleas; welcome, bride and joy!*" This is nothing more nor less than the ceremony of the *Bulimos*, of which Plutarch endeavours to trace the origin in his conversations. (Sympos. VI. 8.) The only difference is that the ancient Grecian was more decorous in his ejaculation; "*Away,*" he vociferated, "*Away with starvation! Welcome wealth and health!*"

To those who may be desirous of witnessing the celebration of the festivals, which take place at the beginning, middle, and close of spring, I recommend a very cautious exposure of their persons in the narrow streets of Pera on the eve of the first of March; otherwise, their skull or limbs may bear away an unpleasant memorial of the ejections issuing from the pious matron's casement. Nothing can be more exhilarating than a visit to the "*Prince's Isles*" on the first of May, when the Greeks are released from the presence of their taskmasters, and give a loose to the joyous gaiety of their native dispositions. Often, too, have I roamed, at this season of the year, to the banks of the canal, where *Berjukdera* and the other Greek villages exhibit a line of bonfires, which convert the

hills and waves of the Bosphorus into one wide blaze of glory.

The heat of summer is moderated by northerly winds, which set in late in the forenoon or early in the afternoon, and leave behind them a delightful coolness, to which the Constantinopolitans are indebted for their moonlight promenades and water excursions. Towards the close of August, when the heat is greatest, though it never becomes insupportable, the atmosphere is refreshed by torrents of rain, which do not continue above eight days at the utmost. The autumnal equinox is accompanied by its usual tempestuous haudmaids; and these are succeeded by rains, which often last to the middle of October; when a series of the most cheerful and tranquil weather sets in, and carries you on its halcyon wing, frequently beyond the hibernal solstice. The winter season begins, in general, with the new year, and does not last above six weeks; during which period storms of snow are wafted from the Thracian mountains, but seldom cover the ground for a longer interval than

three days. I have often seen the south and north winds deciding their aerial conflict by a tempest, when the forked flash has tipped the falling feathers of the snow with its golden burnish, or arrayed the mountain peaks with an evening attic of glorious crimson, after the morning had silvered them with its spotless snows. Such was the tempest which overtook Brennus and his Gauls, when they stormed the shrine of Apollo at Delphi, or the English fleet, when it raised its anchor in the sea of Marmora, previously to its descent upon the shore of Egypt. It seldom freezes in the daytime; nor have I ever known the thermometer, even during the night, to fall more than two or three degrees below the freezing point; yet the time has been, when the Byzantian has walked across the ice-field of the Bosphorus to shake hands with his Asiatic neighbour. Amongst others, the winters of the years 928 and 934, when the Turks made their first inroads into the Greek territories, were characterised by all the extremities of the rough and rigid climate of the north.

THE SOLDIER'S BRIDE.

Yes, ye may pay your thoughtless duty,
Vain throng! to Glory's distant star,
And ye may smile when blooming Beauty
Rewards the gallant Son of War;
For me, I sigh to think that sorrow
May soon that gentle heart betide,
And soon a dark, a gloomy morrow,
May dawn upon the Soldier's Bride.

Oh! were her path the scene of brightness
Pourtray'd by ardent Fancy's ray;
Oh! could her bosom thrill in lightness,
When Glory's pictured charms decay;
Could Hope still bless her golden slumbers,
And crown the dreams of youthful pride,
Then might ye smile, ye thoughtless num-
bers,
Then greet with joy the Soldier's Bride.

But when dismay'd by threatening dangers,
And doom'd in distant scenes to roam,
To meet the chilling glance of strangers,
And vainly mourn her peaceful home;
Oft will her tearful eye discover
The fears her bosom once defied,
Oft shall the smiles that bless'd the lover
Desert the Soldier's weeping Bride.

And when, perchance, War's stunning rattle
Greets from afar her shuddering ear,
When, yielding to the fate of battle,
Her hero meets an early bier;
Condemn'd in hopeless grief to languish,
She yields to Sorrow's gushing tide,
And tears express, in silent anguish,
The sadness of the Soldier's Bride.

What then avails the wreath of Glory?
The victor it should crown is fled,
The din of fame, the martial story,
Reach not the mansions of the dead;
She greets with sighs the dear-bought trea-
sure,
That seems her sadness to deride,
And shuns the mimic gleam of pleasure,
That mocks the Soldier's widow'd Bride.

To me, her flowery crown of gladness
Seems like the drooping cypress wreath;
Her nuptial throng—a train of sadness;
Her minstrel band—the dirge of death.
Ah! soon may Grief those blossoms sever,
Despoil that cheek with blushes dyed,
And cloud with dark despair for ever,
The triumph of the Soldier's Bride!

DESCRIPTION OF THE COAST OF PERU.

THE coast of Peru may be said to consist of a line of sandy desert, five hundred leagues in length, the breadth varying from seven to above fifty miles, as the several branches of the Andes approach to, or recede from, the shores of the Pacific Ocean. It presents great inequalities of surface, and has the appearance of having once formed a part of the bed of the adjoining ocean. Were it not for the stupendous back ground, which gives to every other object a comparatively diminutive outline, the sand hills might sometimes be called mountains. The long line of desert is intersected by rivers and streams, which are seldom less than twenty, or more than eighty or ninety miles apart. The narrow strips on each bank of every stream are peopled in proportion to the supply of water. During the rainy season in the interior, or from the melting of the snows upon the Andes, the great rivers upon the coast swell prodigiously, and can be crossed only by means of a *balsa*, which is a raft or framework, fastened upon four bull-hides sewed up, made air-tight, and filled with wind. A few of the large rivers reach the sea, but most of those of the second order are consumed in irrigating the cultivated patches, or are absorbed by the encompassing desert, where it never rains; where neither birds, beasts, nor reptiles, are ever seen, and where a blade of vegetation never grew. Sometimes a rill of water bubbles up, and is lost within the space of a hundred yards. Very often the banks of rivers are too steep and rugged to admit of the water being applied to the purposes of irrigation; consequently the surrounding country cannot be cultivated. No stranger can travel from valley to valley, as the inhabited strips are inappropriately called, without a guide; for the only indication that the desert has been trodden before, is an occasional cluster

of bones, the remains of beasts of burden that have perished. The sand is frequently raised into immense clouds by the wind, to the great annoyance of the traveller, who generally rides with his face muffled up. The obstacles to moving a body of troops from one point to another in this country can only be appreciated by military men who have had to contend against them. But description, unaccompanied by a statement of facts, will fall short of conveying even a faint idea of the horrors of the desert.

It is not a rare circumstance for the most experienced *vaquianos*, or guides, to lose themselves. In that case, terror instantly reduces them to a state of positive insanity. Unless they recover the path by chance, or are fortunate enough to see other travellers loom above the horizon, they inevitably perish, and their fate is no more known than that of a ship which founders unseen in the distant ocean. In the desert, a puff of wind obliterates the footsteps of a column of soldiers.

The *vaquianos* are nevertheless very expert, and regulate their course by circumstances unobservable to the casual traveller. When Colonel Miller galloped across the desert of Siguan, ten leagues in breadth, he expressed some doubts to the guides, as to whether they were in the proper direction. They told him that, so long as a bright star which they pointed out was in sight, there was no danger of losing themselves. They remarked, that as the wind always blew from the same quarter, they had only to keep the breeze in their left eye, to make the valley of Vitor. However, detachments, and even entire corps of the army, often have been known to lose themselves for a considerable time.

When the remains of General Alvarado's army were on the passage by sea, from the *Puertos Interme-*

dios to Lima, in 1823, a transport conveying above three hundred cavalry got on shore, and went to pieces twelve leagues south of Pisco, and fourteen leagues west of Ica. All hands escaped on shore, but, in attempting to find their way to Pisco, they lost themselves for thirty-six hours, and became bewildered by despair. On the wreck being known at Pisco, a regiment of cavalry was ordered out with a supply of water to pick up the wanderers. The commanding officer of the wrecked soldiers, Colonel Lavalle, was one of the survivors, and has recounted the sufferings of the party in that dreadful calamity. He had an orderly who had fought by his side at Chacabuco, Maypo, Nasca, Pasco, Rio Bamba, and Pinchincha, and who had on one occasion saved the colonel's life at the risk of his own, but who was now as insensible to the distresses of his master as to those of his comrades. Overcome by fatigue, the unfortunate men would sometimes drop upon the burning surface, and tear up the sand in search of water with agonizing fury. After proceeding some leagues, a few date-trees were discovered at a distance, near the roots of which water is always to be found. A feeble cry of joy issued from the parched tongues of the foremost. It was not given to encourage those in the rear, but was an involuntary expression of internal feelings, animated by a glimpse of the palms towering in the distance. All in sight immediately quickened their pace, but numbers fell lifeless before they could reach the much desired place. Those who had strength enough left to arrive there began to excavate, and found water, which was scarce and muddy. The rush of the almost breathless throng rendered it at first impossible for any to satisfy the cravings of their thirst. Beyond the friendly palms, none had the courage to advance, but dropped or spread themselves around in fixed and mute despair.

At length the hussars sent from Pisco appeared in sight. Indescrib-

able emotions of joy were felt rather than expressed, for all had by this time become nearly speechless. Not one thought more of his fellow-sufferers than if he alone lay panting in the desert. Even those thoughts of home, of family, and of friends, which are the last to quit their hold upon the memory at the hour of death in a foreign land; even those tender recollections appeared to have vanished from every mind. Their first joyful emotions were chilled by unutterable anxieties, lest their hoped-for deliverers should not shape their course towards the date-trees, and all were too weak for one to stand up and make a signal. They could turn their glazed eyes upon the horsemen, and form a silent hope, but that was all, for not a word was spoken. They were, however, at last delivered from a state of frightful suspense by the arrival of the hussars, who poured water down the burning throats of the men as they lay extended on the ground, unable to stir, or to ask for the delicious draught, or to give thanks for it, excepting by an expression of delight which faintly beamed on their features. Many drew their last breath before relief could be administered, and nearly one hundred unburied corpses which strewed the dreary waste will, for ages, mark the calamitous route.

It is not an unusual circumstance for soldiers to drop down dead, or to see the blood gush out from their ears and nostrils as they march, sometimes ankle deep in sand. On one occasion, six hundred men marched from Arica to the valley of Lluta, only four leagues distant: six men died on the march, and forty more would have perished, had they not been immediately relieved by copious bleeding.

Perhaps nothing will more clearly convey an idea of the distance between one habitable spot and another, or the stupendous inequalities of the intervening ground, than quotations from local traditions, which state that between Atico and Cha-

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porra there is a valley inhabited, as is supposed, by descendants of the ancient Peruvians, and which was unexpectedly fallen in with by one Navarro, of Chaparra, who, having lost his way, came upon it in the night. He saw lights and heard voices, but he was afraid to descend into the valley. He reported the circumstance when he arrived at home, and several parties afterwards set out upon a journey of discovery, but not one succeeded. This was related by Don Juan de Neira y Caravajal, living at Chaparra in 1822, who remembered Navarro, and had often heard him mention the circumstance.

It is also asserted, that there is another unknown valley between Chorounga and Majes, which was

once seen by chance, like the first mentioned, and which has also baffled every attempt to discover it a second time with sufficient force to ensure egress, it being supposed that any person entering singly would be immediately slain, or detained for life.

These accounts are not generally believed by those dwelling in the neighbourhood, and best qualified to form a correct opinion; but the bare admission of the possibility of the existence of such valleys by people accustomed to explore the most uninviting regions in search of mines, may give some notion of the extraordinary country where the works of nature are upon a scale equally grand, terrific, and sublime.

IMITATION OF HUMANITY BY INANIMATE NATURE.

THE imitation of humanity is strikingly apparent in inanimate nature. Look on that pretty, little, white-rinded, airy, yet weeping birch-tree, still in her teens, so murmuring, and so balmy in budding spring, that breathes of summer too, and say if ever you saw a sweeter symbol—nay, it is her very self—of L. E. L., in her virgin elegance and loveliness, charming all eyes, while, as if a breeze came by, her tresses are all a-dance over her forehead, and with poetic lustre irradiate the day.—That Sycamore, so bright above, so dark below, with head that loves the sunshine, and stem round which, like living things, the shadows conglomerate—a tent-like tree, beneath whose umbrage might Beauty lie dissolved in delicious tears over some divine lyrical ballad—haply the tale of Ruth, woo'd—won—wedded—deserted in time that, as “through dream and vision did she sink,” seemed to be all but one dear, dim, delightful day,—or Wisdom meditate, in the half-glimmer half-gloom, on the immortality brought to light, not only in Holy Writ, but in the inspirations too of the great poets—

that Sycamore, so fair and so august, so beautiful and so magnificent—remindeth it not of the Genius of Wordsworth, the very man himself personified before you in the shape of a Sylvan, conspicuous to those who can penetrate its haunts among all the trees of the forest?—If ever departed spirits revisit the earth they loved, that Mountain-Ash, call it by its own Scottish name, that Rowan-tree—with stem straight, smooth, and strong, yet in its abated brightness speaking of the blast—with leaves delicate indeed to look at, and soft to the touch, but imbued with preservative beauty as boldly they rustle to the winds—crowned with a thousand diadems, all blended into one glory visible from afar,—gaze here, gaze here, Caledonia, and, with the voice of all thy streams, bid hail the Image of thy own Burns illumining the banks and braes o' bonny Doon, while all the linnets break out into delighted liting among the broom, and the blackbird, on the top of his own tree, sends up his song in chorus to the lark, thick, fast, and wild-warbling beneath the rosy cloud!—Whence comes that fragrant breath

upon the woody wilderness—is it from the sweet unseen ground-flow-ers, or from a tree in blossom some-where hidden in the shade? Lo! yonder stands the old Hawthorn, white as the very snow—yet, as you approach, 'tis mixed with glorious green, even as the summer sea-wave heaves in foam. Therein the cheerful shilfa builds her nest most beautiful—or therein—hark the crashing and then the flapping wing—as the cushat, ne'er disturbed before, is startled from her shallow couch. Lonely as is the place, yet see on the old rough bark, now hard to read among moss as some ancient inscription on the stone that shades in its cell some solitary spring—the names of lovers fond and faithful of yore, now and long ago sleeping in the mools by each other's side! The roamer thinks of the rural poets that have tuned their pipes to rural loves,—and some sweet wild strain touches his ear from the Queen's Wake, or from "Bonny Kilmeny, as she gaed up the glen," or from the rich yet simple melodies which "honest Allan" yet lives to breathe, inspired by the songs of auld Scotland—on whose darkness and dimness, his genius, strong in love, has streamed light like sunbeams, regardless of the more flaunting flowers, and seeking out the primrose and violet in nooks of the untrodden woods!

Nay, there is a White Currant Bush, trained up on trellice against the loun sunny walls, and thickly clustering with berries, in their lucid roundness almost as large as grapes,—put out your hand and pull a few, and to the taste they are as sweet and luscious too, as from Lorraine or Provence—that white currant-bush, with innocent thorns tipped with silk and velvet, so that you may pluck ungloved, we declare, is liker than even the amiable poet himself, to William Proctor Barry Cornwall, the delight of the suburban fruit-gardens, and furnishing to tender virgins an exquisite dessert—or when distilled by household matron, a wine that never intoxicates, and worthy a

gold medal from Mr. Loudon, the ingenious editor of the Gardener's Magazine.—Out of the sun altogether, stuck in among the gravel, and sorely stunted because of no manure, that dwindled, dwarfed, diminutive of the small black red hairy gooseberry, no leaves, few berries, and nearly all jag, is a most fearful picture indeed of a Cockney, whose name is needless—while that other, the bramble yonder, tufted chiefly with tags of dirty wool and hair, which a singing bird rather than peek at, would go without a nest, is a staring and ragged likeness of an unmentionable sonneteer in the last stage of a consumption,—sick and sorry, weak and worthless, and, ere another month go by, to be pronged up by the little decayed root, flung over the hedge amongst nettles, and there left to rot in the general rubbish.

Hactenus of plants. Now look at that Castle, a noble ruin. Yet not a ruin either, though old, and belonging to the olden time. On its head a crown of battlements—for hair, wall-flowers—granite for its body, "cased in the unfeeling armour of old time"—and "seated on a heaven-kissing hill." Cliffs guard it on the right—below which "goes a river large," sweeping round a loch—behind a morass, in which "armies whole might sink,"—in front the everlasting mountains. See—how like the figure of a man! What a trenched forehead, yet how bold! That "coign of vantage" is the nose! That rent makes a mouth, from which the wind plays like a warlike harper. A grim upper lip—and a chin that defies the elements. A giant to fear and to venerate! And what has become of your imagination, if in that castle, with its banner still outhung, which

The evening air has scarce the power
To wave upon the Donjon tower,

you see not a glorious statue of—Sir Walter Scott?

So with clouds and mountains,—they are all in various moods and manners like great men. But we have not time now to trace their outlines.

SKETCHES OF CONTEMPORARY AUTHORS.

No. VIII.—MR. JEFFREY AND THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

THE "Edinburgh Review" is now chiefly known as a political pamphlet of great talent, published once a quarter. The gold and azure of its dawning gives us the promise of three or four solid calculating articles on history and political economy, a paper of pleasant jokes against the Tories, and, perhaps, a few pages of scandalous chronicle on the sins of our great grandmothers, with some gentle gossip about modern science and the Society for Useful Knowledge. It was not always thus. The time has been when not only the dealers in political small-talk, but the whole mass of literary feeling and opinion, and no trifling portion of what is called the religious public, were disturbed and startled by the successive charges of these Edinburgh Light-Horse-Volunteers, in their sky-blue uniforms, and yellow facings.

What we have to say upon the causes of this change must be merely incidental, as the main subject of the present paper is the mental character of Mr. Jeffrey, the boldest and most bustling of these redoubted cavaliers.

Mr. Jeffrey's name first became known as that of an anonymous critic (anonymous to the world in general, from the omission of an avowed name to his articles, but sufficiently known to all the literary circles of Europe.) He came into life with the kind of cleverness, and the degree of self-confidence, naturally produced by conflict only with men of his own age and stamp, in literary and debating societies. In these he had found little to call out the higher powers of the mind, or the nobler moral capacities; among very young, and not very learned men, he can scarcely have encountered any antagonist over whom he could not triumph, at least in appearance, by his ready and ingenious volubility, and the resources of a fertile, though rather slippant, fancy. He was, there-

fore, admirably qualified to be the Editor of a new Review. His profusion of plausible language would enable him to supply with ease and decency any accidental deficiency of matter; his levity in the treatment of grave subjects would make them amusing, if not instructive, to the meanest capacity; and the careless impudence of his editorial colouring was excellently calculated to lend the appearance of conscious superiority even to the blunders and inanities of his associates.

The Review accordingly appeared, and bore in every line the traces of Mr. Jeffrey's superintendence. Airy ridicule, or solemn banter, the declamatory roar, the decisive dogma, the sly half-masked innuendo, all and each were employed alternately or together; so that the sufferings of authors, and the applauses of the public, were equally obvious and unprecedented. No single book probably ever made so decided and general a sensation. It is not wonderful that a knot of young men, reeking from the pleasurable exertions of debating societies, and the delight of mutual applause, should have been led into taking that tone of decision and defiance which is the main secret of their first success. It is still less to be marvelled at, that the shouts and gratulations of the whole mob of literature should have urged them to still bolder enterprises. Least of all, will a wise man be surprised at the triumph of the Edinburgh Reviewers, when he considers the state of the public mind to which they addressed themselves, and the nature of the instruments they used.

Mr. Jeffrey appeared before the world at a time when the minds of men were all afloat; not indeed resolutely bent, as at the period of the Reformation, upon a voyage of discovery; but wandering at the will of the breezes and the billows, and now and then unconsciously following for

a moment the guidance of some self-appointed pilot, or the course of some hidden current. In politics, the overpowering interest and frightful nearness of the French Revolution, had destroyed men's belief in principles, and absorbed their anxiety in the contemplation of mighty and terrible events. The aristocracy of this country, moreover, had felt or thought themselves in such imminent peril, that they had exerted all their influence over the public mind; and, by the aid of newspapers and debates, political dinners, and bloody battles, had succeeded in making every appearance of sympathy with the people, or attempt at speculation on the theory of government, in the highest degree unpopular and unfashionable. The "Edinburgh Review," accordingly, instead of opposing itself to an anti-revolutionary horror, which though just in itself, was then carried infinitely too far, assumed and held for several years a high aristocratical and monarchical tone of opinion. This was only modified by its becoming the tool and organ of a party. The political discussions of the "Edinburgh Review" have thus been always based upon the narrow system of a particular sect; and we doubt whether it has ever contained a single article tending to enlarge or exalt men's views of the social interests of their species.

In criticism, before Mr. Jeffrey became notorious for his attempts to philosophise upon poetry, this country had been fed upon such weak and mawkish spoon meat, that it is no wonder we did not for some time discover how really vague, unsubstantial, and unsatisfactory were the speculations of this celebrated author. Any one who looks back to his writings from the vantage ground on which we now stand, will readily perceive that, under a considerable appearance of freshness and novelty, and of a tendency to look at poetry in connection with the nature of the human mind, instead of with the rules of the critics, there is really to be found little more than an elaborate atten-

tion to details, a wish to conciliate the appearance of originality with a real determination to oppose no popular prejudice, and a want of any fine discrimination between the essential characteristics of great authors. His disgraceful obstinacy in depreciating Wordsworth, and exaggerating the merits of various men of undeniable elegance of mind, but of no creative power whatsoever, is lamentable proof of wilfulness and prejudice. He has given us no tolerable estimate of the merits of any living poet, except perhaps Mr. Moore, whom his mind is exactly calculated to appreciate. In this case, the want of profoundness, both of thought and feeling, in the critic, becomes of less importance, from the absence of any thing in the poet on which it could be exercised; while all Mr. Jeffrey's liveliness, prettiness, and neatness of mind, are brought into full play by the corresponding qualities in the object of his admiration.

But if we had time to enter into a detailed examination of the indications which Mr. Jeffrey has given of his metaphysical, moral, and religious opinions, we should have to lead our readers through a long and grave discussion of matters at present, we fear, very unlikely to suit the taste of general society. The whole structure of Mr. Jeffrey's mind is eminently French, and the only books in the higher departments of speculation for which he seems to feel a thorough liking, are the works of French philosophers. It is a singular illustration of the spirit of the times, that while this is undeniably true, he should yet have been one of the most earnest champions for the strength and freedom of our elder poetry. Nevertheless, the whole tone of his writings seems to us to be redolent of his fondness for the solemn flippancy and sparkling common-places which abound in the works of Voltaire, Diderot, and Helvetius. His philosophy is, like theirs, of the stamp which brings every thing from without, and sees in the human mind nothing more precious or powerful

than an empty receptacle for those dead forms which are borne in upon it by the external world. We have not at present the opportunity of following out all the conclusions as to his mind, which may be derived from this principle, and which are verified in every page of his writings. But we have no doubt that it is very closely connected with the absence of all warm moral enthusiasm, the contempt for all plans of wide political amelioration, and the recourse for the elements of human virtue, not to any native strength or high aspirations within us, but to subtle calculations of consequences, whereby he would substitute for the definite and unchangeable rule, that the right is always the expedient, the maxim of the knave and the fool, or rather of that compound of both—the sophist, that the expedient is always the right.

The only virtues which have been much insisted upon by Mr. Jeffrey, as far as we remember, are good-nature and family affection. These are, doubtless, excellent things, and we very sincerely believe that Mr. Jeffrey is himself a conspicuous and most amiable example of the qualities which he delights to honour in his writings. But how small a portion are they of all which is demanded from us by God, our consciences, and society; and how much may a man be distinguished for what is commonly called goodnature, and for the fulfilment of ordinary domestic duties, without ever dreaming of accomplishing a tithe of that good which is within the reach of every one. Humility, self-denial, vigorous unceasing exertion for the benefit of others,—these are duties imposed upon every man. Instead of this, the "*Edinburgh Review*" has exhibited to us, under Mr. Jeffrey's guidance, the wanton indulgence in a most criminal vanity, at the expense of the reputation and feelings of authors, of all the moral delicacy of its readers, and very often of truth on the part of its writers. It scarcely contains a page which does not attempt to depress, either by con-

temptuous silence, grave argument, or flippant ribaldry, every emotion and principle that spreads itself beyond the narrow circuit of our external and personal interest. And almost all the men of our day who have attempted to widen the petty confines of our former intellectual and moral domain, however they may have been different in other respects, yet have been uniformly treated with the same contempt by Mr. Jeffrey. Lessing, Goëthe, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Godwin,—there probably are scarcely any names connected in our memories with systems and peculiarities so discordant,—and by what singular combination of circumstances is it that Mr. Jeffrey has united his reputation, whatever it may be, with the recollection of his abuse, or at least his contempt of these men, who are among the wisest and the greatest of our age? To them the evil is nothing, for their glory and their usefulness are nourished in a far different atmosphere from that of declaimers and reviewers, and ephemeral ribaldry. Their fame has already become a part of the empyrean galaxy; whence they shed upon the dusty pathways of this work-day world a consolatory influence and holy dew. The sting and bitterness are all reserved for the writer who has corrupted his own mind to such vile uses, and perverted to such widely mischievous ends that instrument, so powerful for good or for evil, with which his hands were entrusted. The real misery is for him, and for those of his readers who may have imbibed from him any portion of that scornful and careless indifference to all that is most profoundly important in man's nature; which, in almost any age but ours, would have broadly marked out from all his contemporaries the Editor of the "*Edinburgh Review*."

In fine, the peculiarities of Mr. Jeffrey's mind appear to us to be extremely prominent and well defined. He has little of genial and joyous wit, absolutely nothing of pure imagination, very little of the power of ab-

straction, but a good deal of ability for sarcasm and repartee, a graceful and glittering fancy, a singular talent for clear distribution and lively illustration, and a very vivid apprehension of the outward and formal differences of mind so superior to his own, that he has never been able to conceive their earnestness, strength, and majesty. And here, in fact, consists his essential incapacity to be an instrument of any wide and permanent good; that he has felt within himself so feeble and casual an action of those nobler moral and religious

propensities which are the glory and consummation of our nature, as to be utterly incapable of flinging himself boldly and decidedly, and with an utter sacrifice of merely personal objects, into any high and unfrequented path of exertion; and, as is especially remarkable in his attempts to estimate the rarer and mightier spirits of our age, he seems to have a mind as hard and dead as the nether millstone to the impression of that highest order of genius, which alone offers us a subject of study uniformly pregnant and inexhaustible.

THE PLEDGE.

BY L. E. L.

COME, let your cup flash sunshine-like
To friends now far away:
"Here's to the absent and the loved!"
The absent, did you say?

And wherefore should we drink to them?
It is a weary toast:
What boots it to recall the friends
Whom we have loved and lost?

Fast cuts our good ship through the sea—
What does it leave behind?
There is no path upon the wave,
No track upon the wind.

Like that swift ship we have past on,
And left no deeper trace;
The circle parted from at home
Has now no vacant place.

Fewer and happier years than mine
On thy young brow are set;
Soon thou wilt learn Time's easiest task
Is teaching to forget.

I'll fill as high, I'll drink as deep—
Or, must a toast be said?
Well, here are all I ever pledge—
"The present and the dead!"

THE OLD ASH TREE.

THOU beautiful ash—thou art lowly laid,
And the traveller no more shall greet,
From afar, thy cool and refreshing shade,
To give rest to his weary feet.
The wing'd and the wandering tribes of air
A home 'mid thy foliage found;
But thy graceful boughs, all broken and
bare,
The wild winds are scattering round!

The storm demon sent up his loudest shout,
When he levell'd his bolt at thee;
When thy massy trunk, and thy branches
stout,
Were riven by the blast, old tree!
It has bow'd to the dust thy stately form,
That for many an age defied
The rush and the roar of the midnight storm,
When it swept through thy branches
wide!

I have gaz'd on thee with a fond delight,
In childhood's happier day;
And watch'd the moon-beams of a summer
night,
Through thy quiv'ring foliage play;
When I gather'd the ivy wreaths that bound
Thy old fantastic roots,
And wove the wild flowers that blossom'd
round
With spring's first tender shoots!

And when youth, with its ardent visions,
came,
Thou wast still my favourite seat;
And the glowing dreams of future fame
Were formed at thy hoary feet—
Farewell! farewell! the wintry wind
Has wag'd unsparring war on thee,
And only pictur'd on my mind
Remains thy form, time-honour'd tree!

SUFFERINGS FROM FAMINE.

THE following account of the sufferings of an individual by famine is worthy of record, if only to show how long abstinence is endurable, and what are the principle symptoms felt under its fearful infliction.

The siege of Manheim by the French took place early in the last war, and the relator of the circumstances was lately alive at Frankfort, in which city he had been for many years a resident. The narrative is given, as nearly as possible, in his own words. He was an agreeable lively man, fond of anecdote; and he diverted his friends with many interesting circumstances which occurred during the investment and after the capture of his native place. He told us that the boy Ernest, mentioned in the narrative, possessed the faculty of seeing the shells in the air after their projection from the French batteries, and that he was accustomed to call out, that people in the streets might take care of their descent; this warning, however, was useless, as until a missile had reached the ground, no one knew which way to run to avoid it. There were several individuals who were equally acute in vision among the besieged at the same time.—But to the subject.

The siege had commenced, and the firing had begun to wax warm, so that the inhabitants were glad to avail themselves of any adequate shelter from its terrible effects. The batteries *en ricochet* enfiladed every street, and the cellars of the houses became the only secure places of refuge. Thither most persons betook themselves, with what stock of provisions they could muster. These cellars were strongly arched over, and it was a rare circumstance that a bomb, after forcing through the roof and strong floors of a house in succession, had power enough left to penetrate the arches which covered them. An unfortunate accident prevented my affording any aid to the

garrison in the defence, having broken my leg by a fall from the ramparts a day or two after the city was invested. I lived in a tolerably broad street, but much exposed to the enemy's shot, which frequently plunged along its whole range from end to end. Now and then a shell had fallen within a few yards of my door, and it became evident that it was no longer safe to remain above ground. I therefore caused a mattress or two to be removed into my cellars, together with a small quantity of food, some candles, necessities, and a few books, and took up my abode there.

There were two cellars, each situated at the end of a vaulted passage. The second was occupied by my two female domestics; a lad named Ernest, about fourteen years of age, lived in one or the other, and ran backwards or forwards as circumstances or his own inclinations disposed him. About the centre of the arched passage, on the right hand side, was a flight of stone stairs, which led to the kitchen above. The boy Ernest was of a lively fearless disposition, and would frequently get weary of our subterranean residence, and run up to look out at the street-door, and sometimes venture towards the ramparts, whence he would contrive to bring us news of the state of affairs and mention what houses were ruined by the firing.

Matters had proceeded in the foregoing manner for a week or two after we had lived in our subterraneous apartments, when one morning the firing seemed to rage with redoubled violence, both within and without the defences. The earth around and above me shook with the explosions from the batteries, and I concluded some decisive attack was about to take place. My helpless situation, stretched upon my mattress or sitting up and supported with pillows, became doubly painful. At such a moment to be powerless and inert,

was peculiarly afflicting; and my reflections were not of the most agreeable character. Ernest came to the door of the cellar about ten o'clock in the morning, for the last time, and told me he should go up and learn what the terrible loudness of the firing indicated. He left me and mounted to the kitchen above, which I could scarcely imagine he had crossed, before a noise and crash, loud as the loudest thunder, involved me at once in dust and darkness. I was at the corner of the cellar farthest from the entrance, and a load of rubbish choked up the doorway, extending some feet within the entrance of my abode. I immediately conjectured the cause; namely, that a shell had fallen upon the house and exploded on or broken through the arched passage at the entrance of the cellar, making me a prisoner.

When I had recovered a little from my surprise, I found the entrance hermetically sealed against ingress or egress; and what was, in my circumstances, equally dreadful, a tinder-box, candles, and a little store of provisions, which were just without the cellar-door in an excavation in the wall of the passage, were lost to me. I might have crawled thither from my mattress and secured them, but the masses of stone piled on each other forbade the most distant prospect of hope from any exertion of my own. I threw myself back in an agony of despair. In the confusion which reigned without, I must remain forgotten! All the horror of my situation came upon me at once, and my heart died within me. To add to my misfortune my candle was nearly burnt out;—with what feelings did I watch its glimmering in the socket! Its last flash was like the arrow of death passing through my heart. I now wept like a woman amid the darkness of my unseen abode, that was, as far as I could judge, to be my charnel-vault. Death from hunger was before me, with all its keenness of suffering. The dull and as it were remote sound of the guns from without, so different in in-

tensity from what it had lately been, told me that the mass interposed between myself and the upper world must be very considerable. I felt my heart shrink up at the discovery of my situation. The hours lingered into ages; but it was long before the feeling of hunger affected me—so much was my mind occupied with apprehensions for the future, and filled with hopes and fears in continued ebb and flow. In groping around me I found two stale crusts of bread, and some water yet remained in a vessel by the side of my mattress. Both I used avariciously, yet at every mouthful my apprehension for the future increased, and a hundred times did I in vain feel around carefully for some other relic of food; I had, I then thought, no alternative but to die. Why should I fear to do so?—hundreds, perhaps thousands, were at the same moment dying above, but a short distance from me, in the violence of angry passions, and with horrible lacerations. I should go out from life like a taper; and most probably the pains of such a death had been greatly exaggerated. Such were my self-comforts—refuges from despair.

I soon found a sensation of emptiness come over me, bordering upon faintness, similar to what many people feel who delay a meal to a very late hour. It appeared to me that my eyes were weak, and I fancied if I had had light near me that still I could have seen nothing distinctly. This sensation was accompanied by a tremor of the eyelids and a swimming in the head. I tried to relieve myself by giving way to sleep, the inclination for which came at times very strongly over me, but I could not gain more refreshment than a restless doze imparts, and this was always cut short by some horrible vision that prevented its affording me the least benefit. Now I thought I was seated at a splendid feast, where all that could attract the palate and delight the senses was before me. I was touching the richest viands—nay, actually lifting the envied morsel till

it touched my mouth, and its flavour was in my nostrils, when I was awoke by some hideous phantom snatching the untasted morsel from my shrivelled lips and dashing it away. Sometimes I found myself in a delicious island, where the finest fruits grew in nature's utmost prodigality; but, on tasting them, they were nauseous and sickening, mere soot and ashes; and if I sought to relieve my thirst from the pure limpid streams that ran in crystal among the luxurious scenery, I found them changed into bitter blood. Everything seemed to combine to mock my sufferings and edge my tortures. I was much afflicted by spasms and twitching sensations internally, as if the viscera were drawn together and expanded too suddenly. Hollow, aching, gnawing pains, as if my vitals were torn with pincers, frequently assailed me, but seemed to diminish in force from repetition. I strove with all my might to bear up with patience and resignation; and at times I subdued my bodily pain with my mind's energy; but alas! such periods were only of momentary duration. Drowsiness generally accompanied the cessation of pain, but it was only to make me start from hideous visions and tantalizing dreams. It seemed as if no recollections of my past life—no images but such as would distress me to the utmost, at such a moment, were ever recalled; such as they were, they appeared horribly vivid and true, torturing me like fiends, and rendering my mind an instrument of pain horrible as that where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.

That absolute weakness which is the fruit of inanition in general, did not come over me for some days. It is true I had no opportunity of trying my strength; and I knew not what effect my recent accident might have had on my frame, in rendering it less or more capable of resistance to the approach of hunger. My mind seemed to me first susceptible of the advance of suffering, for my memory was very quickly impaired. All my

recollections seemed in disconnected links, or united with what had not the remotest affinity to each or either, as is often the case in a fevered dream. Almost intolerable restlessness of spirit at first accompanied my bodily torment, ending in deep depression of mind, and sighing, I poured forth my prayers to God incessantly; but they seemed to give little or no consolation. Instead of being followed by resignation (I am speaking of the early part of my suffering), I felt inclined to murmur the more at my destiny, and to task the justice of the Almighty in predestinating me to such a doom. Then my feelings would be converted into keen regret, or rather torment, for my murmuring. The prospect of death added weight to my mental anguish, and suddenly summoned before me, enlarging darkly in bulk, the sins of my past life, until they arose to be inaccessible barriers to the hope of eternal glory when my miserable existence on earth should have closed. I always rate the mental torment I endured on this occasion as equal to the bodily, during the time the body preserved the consistency of its functions. Afterwards the mind sunk down with it into a species of apathy no apprehension could rouse. In that dreadful state I demanded of heaven if my terrible sufferings would not propitiate my sins—whether heaven, that had so permitted agony to be heaped upon my head, would not balance it against my offences towards its majesty! Thus I prayed or murmured. Reason seldom aided me. I was the victim of suffering's impulses, and was cast upon wild fancies, enjoying no repose.

This stage of my trial soon had its end: I had no mode of computing time, for the hands of my watch were invisible from the darkness; I knew that it concluded just after I had finished the last drop of my water. The absence of this beverage, though I had made it last me as long as I could, produced a rapid change in my sensations; this I well recollect,

I began to feel fainter and more weak, and my limbs grew painfully cold. Shiverings now and then came over me; and my mind, contrary to what had happened before, seemed to have by far the advantage of the body. I was conscious of delirium at times, and of demoniacal dreams, but at intervals I was more composed, and suffered little pain, but inexorable debility. The viscera seemed to me diminished, and all energy in them extinct, feeling like a dead mass, and as if those of a dead disembowelled animal had been placed within me instead of my own. My giddiness of head increased, together with the spasms and faintness. I am certain, too, that about this time I became totally blind, at least such is my firm impression. I found, too, that in my paroxysms of delirium I had attempted to gnaw my arms, but the laceration was not deep, simply from the want of physical power to penetrate the muscle with my relaxed jaws. "When, O God, will my agonies end?" was my frequent sigh, for I was too weak for an articulate ejaculation. I seemed to have forgotten words, even to myself, as I found when I tried to pray: I could not connect what I would say, I can well remember. At length a repose, which seemed the forerunner of speedy death, came upon me, though still sensible, but powerless as a corpse. I looked for my deliverance by death with unconcern. I have an impression that, while lying in this state, I heard the sound of artillery, but I cannot be certain, any more

than I can tell how long it was before I became wholly insensible.

My next recollection of myself is a painful one. I was I could not guess where. Strange voices were around me, and I could not see the speakers, from utter want of vision. The horrible debility I felt in body, combined with the activity of my mind during my resuscitation, was unspeakably painful—so much so that the recollection almost overpowers me at times even now. It appeared that Ernest had escaped the effects of a thirteen-inch shell, which burst over the passage to the cellar and broke in the arch. The siege grew warmer, and the city was taken. When matters were a little quiet, the faithful lad did not fail to implore all he met in my behalf. A humane French officer ordered a search to be made, and I was found, apparently lifeless, stretched on my mattress. To the care of a French surgeon I also owe my recovery and the power of now relating my sufferings. That recovery was slow. I had endured a fasting of nine entire days. I am six feet high and proportionally stout; when found, a boy could have carried me on his back, and I seemed shrunk to the lowest stature, a mere cage of bone and skin. Nothing of inconvenience remains to me now from this my severe trial, save now and then, a dream of horrible vividness, which comes upon me whenever I suffer from feverishness or indigestion, and fearfully recalls the past.

EFFECTS OF LIGHT UPON ANIMALS, VEGETABLES, AND MINERALS.

THE physical properties of Light are extremely curious, as is well known to all those skilled in Optics; its chemical effects upon most parts of the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms, are not less worthy of observation. Vegetables, flowers, plants, &c. are principally indebted to light, not only for their *colour*, but also for

their *taste* and *fragrance*. Many of them seem to follow the course of the sun; and it is remarkable, that plants which are usually kept in the house, appear, as it were, solicitous to get at the light. Those, again, which are placed entirely in the shade, are pale and colourless, and hence some gardeners avail them-

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selves of this fact to render vegetables white and tender. The more plants are exposed to the light, the more brilliant their colours. From this cause, we find that hot climates are the native countries of perfumes, odoriferous fruits, aromatic spices, &c. The action of light upon the organs of vegetables, causes them to throw out streams of *pure* air, while they are exposed to the sun; but when, on the contrary, they have been long in the shade, air of a *noxious* quality is emitted.

Animals who are deprived of light for a long period, generally droop, become sickly, lose the brightness of colour which their coats had previously possessed, and ultimately die. Nor can it be questioned that light is of the utmost importance to the health of human beings. Birds that inhabit the southern, or tropical climates, have a much greater brilliancy of plumage than those of the northern; and the same is equally true with regard to insects.

Another strong proof that light conduces much towards the colours of substances, may be seen in fishes; for we find that those parts of fish which are exposed to the light, such as the back, fins, &c. are invariably coloured; whereas the belly, which is deprived of light, is *white* in all of them.

All metallic oxydes, but especially those of mercury, bismuth, lead, silver, and gold, acquire a deeper colour by exposure to the rays of the sun; some of them become perfectly revived, others only partially. The yellow oxyde of tungsten, if exposed to the light, loses in weight, and turns *blue*. Again, the green precipitate of iron, when exposed to the solar light, becomes also blue.

Light has likewise a very considerable influence upon the crystallisation of salts. Indeed, some of them will not crystallise at all, except they be exposed to the light. Camphor, kept in glass bottles, usually crystallises in symmetrical figures, upon that side of the phial which has been so exposed.

There are certain bodies which, after exposure to the light, appear to combine therewith, and afterwards to emit it when put in the dark. Several substances of this nature have been prepared by chemists, as the phosphorus of Canton, Baldwin, Homberg, and the Bolognian phosphorus.

Various animals and vegetables appear to have this phosphoric property; among others, the *glow-worm* is a remarkable instance. Dead fish, rotten sea-weeds, putrid bodies, and a vast number of insects, appear also to possess this property in greater or less degrees.

ADELAIDE: A SKETCH.

THE morning mists had disappeared, and the sun had burst forth with unusual brilliancy, its bright rays reflected in the beautiful stream that meanders through Elmwood Park, as I paused at an open window to bid a long adieu to the scenery around, and to the home which I loved. It was, in truth, a beautiful prospect; and I remained gazing intently upon it, until, aroused by hearing the gentle accents of a female voice in an adjacent room, I recollected that I was about to offer my congratulations to my cousin,

Adelaide Manvers, on her bridal morning, and to bid her a long and perhaps an eternal farewell. My heart beat tumultuously as I entered her apartment; but a strong effort enabled me to subdue my agitation. I approached Adelaide, and, placing a diadem of pearls beside her, I expressed, in a few words, my sincere wishes for her happiness. "But, why will you leave us, Horace?" said the sweet girl; "surely you can remain with us one day longer?" and she looked earnestly at me, while a deep blush spread itself over

her ingenuous countenance. Alas ! she little knew the agony I suffered in being obliged to leave her, nor the deep, the very deep interest I took in her welfare. I endeavoured to convince her that longer delay was impossible, and that I had already exceeded the time allowed to me. "Well, then," said Adelaide, "if you are indeed going, I have a little gift for you" (and she placed in my hand a small miniature of herself cased in gold) "which will sometimes serve to remind you of a cousin who will ever remember with affection the friend of her youth."

I strove to speak ; but the words died away on my tongue, and, hastily clasping her to my heart, with the freedom which our long intimacy and relationship warranted, I pressed my lips on her beautiful brow, and rushed from the room. Years have passed away since then, but that interview still lives in my memory ! Adelaide Manvers was the orphan child of my father's favourite sister. Both of her parents had died when she was very young. My mother received her under her protection, and she was educated with my sister Catherine. I was ten years the senior of Adelaide ; and, when she first became an inmate of our family, I was preparing for the university, and had but little intercourse with my pretty cousin. Years rolled onwards, and the joyous laughing child ripened into a beautiful and artless girl, whose smiles and presence formed to me the chief attraction of my home, and whose grace and engaging simplicity were never-failing objects of interest and delight. Adelaide was, however, unconscious that I entertained for her a sentiment warmer than that of friendship ; nor had I the courage to make her acquainted with my feelings, as I feared to interrupt the harmony then existing between us. About this time an opportunity presented itself for my accompanying a gentleman in the continental tour, and as I was much pressed to avail myself of the offer by my father, and could

offer no plausible reason for refusing, I reluctantly consented. I was absent two years, and during that time the sweet image of Adelaide still haunted me, and I thought of her with unabated affection. At length I returned, and hastened to embrace my family, who were then staying at Southampton. Adelaide was with them, and—how beautiful she looked ! Every where she was the object of universal attraction ; but I thought less of her personal loveliness than of the endearing and estimable qualities of her heart and mind. We renewed our former friendly intercourse, and hope whispered to my heart that I might yet be happy. Soon, however, I learned with dismay, that Sir James Mantravers was an ardent admirer of my cousin Adelaide, and that it was suspected she regarded him with partiality. Here was a death-blow to the airy fabric of happiness which I had been raising. The Baronet was younger than myself ; handsome, and of most polished manners. He evidently sought to gain Adelaide's affection, and I watched her closely when in company with him. I saw the deepened blush on the cheek of my cousin when the young Baronet addressed her, and the sparkle of her eye as she listened to his welcome conversation : from that moment the long-treasured and secret hopes of my heart died within me. I saw that her young heart's affections were fixed, and that she was lost to me for ever. I resolved that my wretchedness and disappointment should be buried in the recesses of my own heart. Sir James soon after made proposals for the hand of Adelaide, which were accepted. I know not why, but though he was a general favourite in society, I never liked him. I suspected that much of dissimulation lurked beneath his smooth exterior and insinuating address. Though I knew Adelaide would soon be the bride of another, I still lingered near her ; willing to listen to her sweet voice, and gaze on her enchanting smile ; but when

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the day of her union was fixed, I awoke from my trance, to a full sense of my misery. I felt that I could not witness her the wife of another, and retain my senses. I resolved to leave England for India, where I had an uncle, who had for many years filled an important post under the Government. "I will quit England," I exclaimed in bitter sorrow, "for years, perhaps for ever, and lose, if possible, the remembrance of my misery amid new climes and scenery."—My wish was at first strenuously objected to by my family; but when they saw my settled determination, they refrained from offering further opposition, and a day was named for my departure. Circumstances, immaterial now, connected with the Baronet's family, obliged him to name an earlier day for his marriage than had been anticipated, and it happened to be the very one which was also to witness my departure from Elmwood Park, my paternal home. I was indeed importuned to remain and witness Adelaide's espousals; but I offered so plausible an excuse that it was quite sufficient to satisfy the unsuspecting mind of Adelaide. At length, the morning of my departure came. My parting scene with Adelaide I have already described; but how shall I tell of the bitter dejection with which I sank back in the carriage, as it swept round the lawn, when I saw the wave of Adelaide's hand at the window, and felt that on earth I must behold her beloved form no more, or look on her as the wife of another!

While in India I heard frequently from my sister Catherine. She, however, said but little respecting Adelaide, as I half suspect that she had some idea of my unhappy attachment; but I learned that Adelaide was a mother, and that Sir James was extremely gay, and the first to join in every fashionable extravagance. I sighed when I read this, for my heart whispered to me that Adelaide was unhappy, as I knew her habits and disposition were

averse to scenes of reckless gaiety and dissipation. Time soothed my bitter feelings of disappointment, and the novel scenes of activity in which I engaged, tended to dissipate my unhappiness, until at length I was enabled to think of Adelaide with calmness, yet still as a dear and cherished being for whose welfare I felt the most tender solicitude.

I had been twelve years in India, when my uncle died, and left me the bulk of his property; the remainder to be equally divided between Adelaide and my sister Catherine. When I lost my uncle I had no remaining tie in India, and I felt a longing desire to revisit my native shores, and to embrace my mother and sister—my father had been dead some years. How my heart even then throbbed when I thought that I should see Adelaide!

I found my mother but little touched by time; scarcely a furrow on her brow, and she wore the same placid smile as ever: and Catherine, dear Catherine, still as lively and good-humoured as when I left her. A tear trembled in my sister's eye, however, when she spoke of Adelaide. Sir James, she told me, was then on the continent; but neither my mother nor herself had seen Adelaide for the last two years, though they yet corresponded. Sir James had looked on them as unwelcome visitors; and they, in their turn, could not conceal the disgust they felt at his neglect of Adelaide, nor bear to witness her dejection, the cause for which she sedulously abstained from speaking of, and they were too delicate to mention, as she seemed to wish to avoid it. Their circumstances were no longer flourishing; for Sir James's debts of honour had dissipated the greater part of his fortune. Adelaide was said to be in ill health! and there were rumours abroad that the Baronet's conduct was exceedingly harsh and unfeeling. Three children had died in their infancy, and one only was now living—a girl.

I will not endeavour to paint my

feelings when I listened to this melancholy recital. Adelaide was unhappy! and I could offer no consolation; but I could see her, and my friendship might yet be of service to her. This resolution I resolved immediately to execute; and a few trifling matters, relative to the fortune which my uncle had left her, formed a sufficient excuse for my soliciting an interview.

It was the season of spring when I arrived at Lee Priory, a small estate of the Baronet's in the county of Dorset, and the only one, I believe, which his propensity for gaming had left him. Adelaide had resided there for the last year. The situation of the Priory was in truth beautiful in the extreme: it stood on a gentle eminence, whence the eye looked out on fertile meads, rich in wood and water; and the extreme verge of the prospect was lost in the blue waves of the distant ocean. Yet there was something about the Priory itself which seemed to speak of desolation, as I passed through its beautiful but neglected gardens, and I sighed to think how much it was in unison with the heart of its mistress. I was informed by the servant that Lady Mantravers was at home, and I was shewn into the library, where I had time to collect my scattered thoughts, and to preserve my fortitude, which seemed on the point of deserting me, for the approaching interview.

A beautiful whole-length portrait of Adelaide hung over the fire-place, so like, so very like her when I last saw her, that, as I gazed upon it, I almost believed the years that had passed an illusion.—I was awakened from my reverie by a beautiful little girl running into the room, apparently about five years old, with a little basket of flowers in her hand. I had scarcely time, however, to look at her ere I heard Adelaide's voice; and she advanced to meet and welcome me as an old friend. I looked at her, but, gracious heavens! what a change was there! Had it not been for her voice, I could scarcely

have believed that it was Adelaide who stood before me. She was very thin—alarmingly so. I looked for the sunny smile which I remembered, but it was gone; the rose had fled from her cheeks—they were very pale, but her hair was still soft and beautiful, and her voice as sweet and gentle as ever. Adelaide saw in a moment the cause of my emotion. "Ah, Mr. Morton!" she said, with a melancholy smile, "I see you have forgotten the years that have passed since we met, and you find me sadly changed." My heart was too full to speak. "I am far from well at present," she continued; "my spirits, too, have left me sadly of late; but I have a little antidote here, which seldom fails to restore me in my melancholy moods;" and she drew forth her little girl and presented her to me. She was a lovely child, the very image of Adelaide herself, when she first came under my mother's protection, save that there was a shade of thoughtfulness over her sweet face, which her mother, at her age, had not. I placed her on my knee, and, encouraged by my caresses, she began prattling to me with all that bewitching artlessness which renders childhood so attractive.

"And how is dear Catherine?" said Adelaide. I told her that she was well, and regretted that they did not meet more frequently. "Alas!" she continued, "Catherine cannot regret our separation more than I do. Circumstances, however, forbid our meeting; but I trust that your sister still thinks of me with affection." I endeavoured to assure her that Catherine's regard for her was as lively and undiminished as ever. "You will perhaps smile," replied Adelaide; "but I have a fancy that my time in this world will be short, and the wish nearest my heart is, that your estimable mother and dear Catherine would consent to take charge of my little treasure;"—and she pointed to her infant daughter. I expressed my hopes that she would yet live many years, and regain her former strength and spirits. "My

physicians tell me that I shall," she said, "but I know better—the seeds of decay are too deeply sown to be eradicated; nor do I wish to live, save for Adelaide. Life has no charms for me. But, enough of this. Will you take charge of a packet for your sister, wherein I have fully expressed my earnest wishes respecting my child?" I readily promised to do so, and assured her that I felt certain of their being complied with. I, however, hinted that Sir James might not accede. "Sir James," she said, "has seriously promised never to interfere with any arrangement of mine respecting Adelaide; and I think he would respect the dying request of his wife."—"Then all shall be as you wish," I exclaimed; "and for myself, I will cherish your little Adelaide with a father's kindness. She shall be the object of my solicitude, and the heiress of my fortune!" "God bless you, Horace!" said Adelaide; and her whole countenance lighted up for a moment with unusual brilliancy. "I believe, and accept your kind offer. Oh, you know not the weight of anguish from which you have relieved me."

She bent her head, and her eyes were filled with tears, which little Adelaide observing, she stole gently on the sofa behind her mother, and, throwing her arms round her neck, sought to soothe her by her infantile caresses. I was visibly affected, and I spoke of a change of climate, which might, I thought, have a beneficial effect upon Adelaide's health. She shook her head. "No! No!" said she, "no change of climate will benefit me: it is too late: my illness is here—here;" and she laid her hand on her heart: "*this* is broken—withered—miserable." She stopped for a moment, and I dared not trust myself to reply. "This may be our last interview, Horace," she continued; "why, then, O why, should I seek to hide from you, the friend of my youth, that my marriage with Sir James has been productive of misery! An unhappy pro-

pensity for play lured him from his home; he seemed to exist only in a crowd. I was neglected and forgotten, and he threw from him the love which I bore to him then.—Then, did I say?" cried Adelaide, as she hid her face in her hands, and burst into tears. "Alas! alas! my affection knows no decay—it will not fade until death. Hear me," continued Adelaide; "watch over my child, I charge you, and save her from her mother's fate. Let her not give her heart and affections to one who will break her gentle spirit by his unkindness, and then leave her to sorrow and scorn." "I will shield her from every evil, Adelaide, that human foresight can guard against; but, tell me," I said, "wherein can I serve *you*? Any thing that the most sincere friendship can—" "No! No!" said she, hastily; "for myself I have nothing to ask. Think of me as of one whose sand of life is nearly run out, and whose cares and sorrows will soon be hushed in the tranquillity of the tomb. Farewell, Horace," she said, as she extended her hand to me; "My blessing and my prayers shall follow *you*, who have promised to be the faithful guardian of my child."—"God for ever shield you, Adelaide," I cried, as I tenderly kissed her hand; and, disengaging myself from the grasp of her little girl, I quitted the apartment.

It was my last interview with Adelaide.—I saw the being whom I had so fondly loved no more! When the cold winds of autumn swept the leaves from the trees, Adelaide was at rest in the grave; her gentle spirit had passed away from this scene of sin and suffering. I have faithfully fulfilled my promise respecting her child. Ten years have now passed away since she came under my roof; and her affectionate attentions and engaging cheerfulness enliven my declining years, and soothe the many melancholy thoughts which, even now, often press on my spirits, when I think of her mother—of Adelaide, my first and only love.

WITCHCRAFT.

WITCHCRAFT! does there exist a believer in witchcraft in 1828? Doubtless, exclaims the reader. Yes, I maintain that though the "march of mind" is making sad inroads on the "wisdom of our ancestors," yet several instances within the last three years will bear out my assumption, that a belief in witchcraft still prevails amongst the peasantry of our country to a considerable extent. I allude to those cases where the offenders were brought to the bar of public justice. The swimming case in Suffolk in 1825 must be fresh in the minds of my readers. Leaving these "modern instances," which form no part of the object of the present paper, I shall proceed briefly to trace the origin of witchcraft, with such anecdotes as may be required to season the subject for the general reader.

The progress of intellect in the human race towards perfection, during the last century, has certainly been much more rapid than could have been expected. The "simplicity of old times" consisted in a great measure of a sort of gloomy dogmatism and obtuseness of intellect, the fetters of which happily have lost their effect on mankind. "That maidens pined away, wasting inwardly as their waxen images consumed before a fire—that corn was lodged and cattle lamed—that whirlwinds upstire in diabolic revelry the oaks of the forest—or that spits and kettles only danced a fearful, innocent vagary about some rustic's kitchen, when no wind was stirring," remarks a popular writer, "were all equally probable where no law of agency was understood." In short, the age of superstition has passed away—the light of philosophy, so discordant to the lover of witchcraft or a ghost story, has burst in and "scattered them to the winds," and we are no longer troubled and tormented with the flight of wizards on broomsticks,

or the visitation of "black spirits and white, blue spirits and gray, with all their trumpery." A witch, according to old descriptions, was generally blessed with a "wrinkled face, a furrowed brow, a hairy lip, a gobber tooth, a squint eye, a squeaking voice, a scolding tongue, a ragged coat on her back, a scull-cap on her head, a spindle in her hand, and a dog or cat by her side;" and Lord Coke pithily describes a "*witch* to be a person that hath *conference with the devil*, to consult with him or to do some act." In former times the most eminent men and philosophers (Sir Thomas Browne for instance) were not proof against the prevailing opinions. A contemporary writer observes, that one would imagine that the establishment of Protestantism would have conduced to the abolition of this lamentable and pernicious credulity. But the Reformation did not arrive with great rapidity at its full extent, and the belief in witchcraft long continued to "overspread the land." Indeed it has been proved by Hutchinson, in his *Essay on Witchcraft*, that the change of religion at first rather augmented than diminished the evil. A degree of importance, hardly credible in these times, was attached to it; and in the sixteenth century the unbelievers were accounted "Sadducees, Atheists, and Infidels." One of the most eminent divines of his day, a strenuous advocate of the belief in witchcraft, characterises them thus in the most forcible language. *O tempora!*

It is not surprising, therefore, that the supposed dabblers in the infernal art were hunted out and exposed to the most dreadful cruelty and oppression, not only from those who imagined they had suffered under their charms, but from the very laws of the realm also. The first trial of any note took place in 1593. Three persons, old Samuel and his wife and daughter Agnes, were condemned at

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Huntingdon, before Mr. Justice Fenner, for bewitching a Mr. Throgmorton's family, &c.

A few years after an advocate for this belief appeared from no less a quarter than the throne itself. King James I. in his *Demonologie*, completely superseded Reginald Scot's *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, a work which so completely unmasked the whole machinery, and was a storehouse of facts on the subject. The infection, commenced at the throne, soon reached the parliament, and (as it has been observed, the greatest part of mankind have no other reason for their opinions than that they are in fashion) a statute was passed in the first year of king James, having for its object, as expressed in the preamble, "the more effectual punishment of those detestable slaves of the devil, witches, sorcerers, enchanters, and conjurors." The statute is worded with great care, and contains many clauses which our limits forbid inserting, but which include every description of the "crime." The punishment was enacted to be the pillory for the first offence, (even though its object were not effected,) and death for the second. "This was the detestable doctrine established both by law and fashion; and it became not only unpolite, but criminal to doubt it; and as prodigies are always seen in proportion as they are expected, witches were every day discovered, and multiplied so fast in some places, that Bishop Hall mentions a village in Lancashire where their number was greater than that of the houses." There was dreadful havoc in that county after this law had passed. Lancashire has always been remarkable for the number of its witches.

Though the information we have to go upon cannot of course be considered as very accurate, yet it has been ascertained that between the commencement of the statute in question (1602) and the year 1701, in the space of one century, three thousand one hundred and ninety-two persons, whose age, poverty, or infirmities

rendered them objects of attention, were executed for the crimes of witchcraft and sorcery. The act alluded to was rigorously enforced during this period, and the above calculation is probably very much under the mark, and does not include the numbers that were tried on suspicion, but acquitted for want of sufficient proof of the charges alleged against them. The most trivial and frivolous circumstances were sufficient to commence a prosecution against the unfortunate objects of suspicion, and their trials were conducted in the most summary manner. In that respect there is a striking similarity between this epoch and the reign of terror in France.

In 1634 seventeen Pendle-forest witches were condemned in Lancashire, by the infamous contrivances of a boy only eleven years of age and his father. Amongst other charges equally wonderful and miraculous, this little villain deposed that a greyhound was transformed by their agency into "one Dickenson's wife," &c. These poor creatures, however, obtained a reprieve, and were sent to London, where they were first viewed and examined by his majesty's physicians and surgeons, and then by "*his majesty himself and the council*." The result was that the boy's contrivances were exposed and properly punished. In 1664, Alice Hudson, who was burnt at York, said she received money from the devil, ten shillings at a time.

In the same year the most singular trial which has been recorded took place before Chief Justice Hale at Bury-St.-Edmunds. Notwithstanding the acknowledged piety and learning of this eminent character, he was as credulous, and followed as nearly as possible in the footsteps of the most unrelenting of his precursors. I regret I cannot find room for the details of this remarkable trial, which ended in the conviction and execution of Amy Duny and Rose Callender. There were thirteen indictments against the prisoners, which all consisted of charges of the most frivolous

nature; but Sir T. Browne, of Norwich, decided the matter on being asked for his opinion. Lord Hale would not sum up, but left the case to the jury, praying "that the great God of heaven would direct their hearts in this weighty matter."

Much has been said and written on the possibility of raising his Satanic majesty. However, the potentate is said sometimes to have favoured us mortals with a visit unasked. It is related that Mr. White, of Dorchester, the assessor to the Westminster Assembly, was one night visited by the arch-fiend himself, who met with a reception that must have astonished him in no slight degree. "The devil, in a light night, stood by his bedside. The assessor looked awhile whether he would say or do any thing; and then said, 'If thou hast nothing to do, I have,' and so turned

himself to sleep." Several erudite scholars have advocated the possibility of raising him; and Defoe, who has paid more attention to the "devil's circumstances and proceedings with mankind" than any other individual, tries to prove, that "although we can hardly suppose that the master-devil comes himself at the summons of every ugly old woman," yet there are several "emissaries, aids-de-camp, or devil's angels, who come and converse personally with witches, and are ready for their support and assistance on all occasions of business." The story of St. Dunstan conversing with and taking the devil by the nose with a pair of red-hot pincers, is well known in the annals of fame.

I have already exceeded my limits, and must conclude for the present.

VARIETIES.

INDIAN TRADITIONS.

THE Dog-rib Indians, who are derived from the same stock with the Chipewyans, say that, according to the traditions of their fathers, the first man was named Chapewee. He found the world well stocked with food, and he created children, to whom he gave two kinds of fruit, the black and the white, but forbade them to eat the black. Having thus issued his commands for the guidance of his family, he took leave of them for a time, and made a long excursion for the purpose of conducting the sun to the world. During this, his first absence, his children were obedient, and ate only the white fruit, but they consumed it all; the consequence was, that when he a second time absented himself to bring the moon, and they longed for fruit, they forgot the orders of their father, and ate of the black, which was the only kind remaining. He was much displeased on his return, and told them that in future the earth would produce bad fruits, and that they

would be tormented by sickness and death—penalties which have attached to his descendants to the present day. Chapewee himself lived so long that his throat was worn out, and he could no longer enjoy life; but he was unable to die, until, at his own request, one of his people drove a beaver-tooth into his head.

WARM CLOTHING.

Our ancestors wore garments formed of materials much better calculated to exclude the effects of damp and cold than we do in modern times. The attire of females in particular consisted principally of woollens, worsted stuffs, and quilted and brocaded silks,—a difference totally opposed to the light and thin draperies of our own fashions. Nor was the clothing of the male part of the community of former years, less adapted for protection from the vicissitudes of the weather. On this subject, Dr. Southey, in his excellent work on Consumption, remarks, that in many parts of Scotland, where con-

sumption is now prevalent, the old people affirm that it was unknown before the warm Scottish plaiding was exchanged for the thin, fine, cold English cloth, and woollen cotton.

THE UNIVERSE IN A NUT-SHELL.

The great Sir Isaac Newton believed that, by sufficient compression, the whole matter of the universe—the solid globe itself—with the sun, planets, and stars, might be brought into a globular space of only one inch in diameter. With all humble deference to the memory of Newton, we venture to think that this is more akin to romance than to philosophy.

SUGAR FROM THE BEET ROOT.

An establishment is now forming, in the neighbourhood of Paris, for the manufacture of this sugar on a very extensive scale. A British gentleman is said to have offered a house called the Chateau d'Ormes, and an immense territory for the culture of the beet. More than sixty establishments are, or soon will be, in activity in all parts of France for this manufacture; and, we believe, from calculations recently made, that the sugar from the beet root, by means of the ameliorations lately introduced in the processes of baking and crystallisation by various manufacturers, particularly by M. Crespel d'Arras, may before long enter into competition even with the sugar of the Indies.

HOW TO SECURE A CUSTOMER.

An English officer, who had fitted up his house at Brussels with showy polished furniture, purchased without judgment at the shops of the *fripriers*, was desirous of having a mangle made on the English construction: a fellow, who had got into his good graces by selling him *bargains*, undertook to make one in a month for 200 francs, about half the price in Oxford-street. "*Je connais bien votre affaire*," said the unblushing rascal; "*soyez tranquille*." The period expired, but the machine was not "*tout à fait achevé*," on account of the negligence of the *serrurier*

who had undertaken the iron-work. This apology was received, and another month allowed; but our amateur found that, from some other cause, it was still unfinished. Chagrined at this second disappointment, he insisted upon seeing what progress had been made: when the rogue found that he could no longer carry on the delusion, he said with great *sang froid*, "*Mais, Monsieur, qu'est ce qu'un mango? Je n'en ai jamais vu!*" "But what induced you," replied our countryman, "to pretend to make a machine that you had never seen?" "*Ah! ma foi*," said he, "we Flemings will undertake any thing; and though I could not make a *mango*, yet I thought you might occasionally visit my *magazin*, while you imagined it was in hand, and buy some other articles. I hope you will excuse this little *ruse*—*c'est notre maniere!*"

FASCINATING POWER OF CATS.

The fascination of serpents is beyond a doubt, though it is often disbelieved by those who are afraid of obtaining a reputation for credulity, and who delight to feed their vanity by rejecting opinions that are deemed vulgar or common. The celebrated Montaigne was not a person who could be accused of credulity, and he informs us, that near his house, a cat was observed, watching a bird at the top of a tree. For some time they mutually fastened their eyes on each other, and at length the bird let itself fall as if dead into the cat's claws;—either, he remarks, being dazzled by the force of terror, or by some unknown attractive power in the cat.

THE MONKEY.

The Monkey has not had justice done him; for what right have you to judge of a whole people, from a few isolated individuals,—and from a few isolated individuals, too, running up poles with a chain round their waist, twenty times the length of their own tail, or grinning in ones or twos through the bars of a cage in a menagerie? His eyes are red with perpetual weeping,—and his smile is sar-

donic in captivity. His fur is mouldy and mangy, and he is manifestly ashamed of his tail, prehensile no more—and of his paws, “very hands as you may say,” miserable matches to his miserable feet. To know him as he is, you must go to Senegal; or if that be too far off for a trip during the summer vacation, to the Rock of Gebir, now called Gibraltar, and see him at his gambols among the cliffs. Sailor nor slater would have a chance with him there, standing on his head on a ledge of six inches, five hundred feet above the level of the sea, without ever so much as once tumbling down; or hanging at the same height from a bush by the tail, to dry, or air, or sun himself, as if he were flower or fruit. There he is, a monkey indeed; but you catch him young, clap a pair of breeches on him, and an old red jacket, and oblige him to dance a saraband on the stones of a street, or perch upon the shoulder of Bruin, equally out of his natural element, which is a cave among the woods. Here he is but the Ape of a Monkey. Now if we were to catch you young, good subscriber or contributor, yourself, and put you into a cage to crack nuts and pull ugly faces, although you might, from continued practice, do both to perfection, at a shilling ahead for grown up ladies and gentlemen, and sixpence for children and servants, and even at a lower rate after the collection had been some weeks in town, would you not think it exceedingly hard to be judged of in that one of your predicaments, not only individually, but nationally,—that is, not only as Ben Hoppus, your own name, but as John Bull, the name of the people of which you are an incarcerated specimen? You would keep incessantly crying out against this with angry vociferation, as a most unwarrantable and unjust Test and Corporation Act. And, no doubt, were an Ourang-outang to see you in such a situation, he would not only form a most mean opinion of you as an individual, but go away with a most false impression of the whole human race.

AGE OF TREES.

In cold climates, the age of trees may be known by counting the circles which appear upon making a transverse section. In warm climates, this cannot be done, for there the tree is *always* growing, and is not, as in cold countries, interrupted in its vegetation by the cold of winter. We may even, indeed, distinguish hard winters, by the appearance of the circular layers, which are also generally found to be thicker on the south than on the north side. Linnæus counted no less than 300 layers in a common oak, (*Quercus robur*.) In the fir, (*Pinus sylvestris*,) 400 have been counted. If the tradition is to be believed that the Scots patriot, Wallace, planted at Ellerslie, in Renfrewshire, the oak which bears his name, it ought to exhibit more than 500 layers; but we think it extremely doubtful whether any trees were planted in Scotland during so turbulent a period. In old trees, there are often hollows which prevent the counting of the layers.

IMPROVED PEDOMETER.

Mr. Harris, the ingenious optician of Holborn, has constructed a pedometer on an improved principle. The apparatus is contrived to indicate the distance travelled on the principle of registering the number of steps. The box containing the wheel-work, is made of the size of a watch-case, and goes into the fob or breeches pocket; and by means of a brass lever fastened to the thigh, the number of steps which the wearer takes in his regular paces are registered from the action of the lever upon the internal wheel-work at every step, to the amount of 30,000. It is necessary, to ascertain the distance walked, that the average length of one pace be previously known; and that multiplied by the number of steps registered on the dial-plate, will give the distance required.

By a similar apparatus, called a *way-wiser*, attached to the wheel of a carriage, the distance travelled may be accurately ascertained.

